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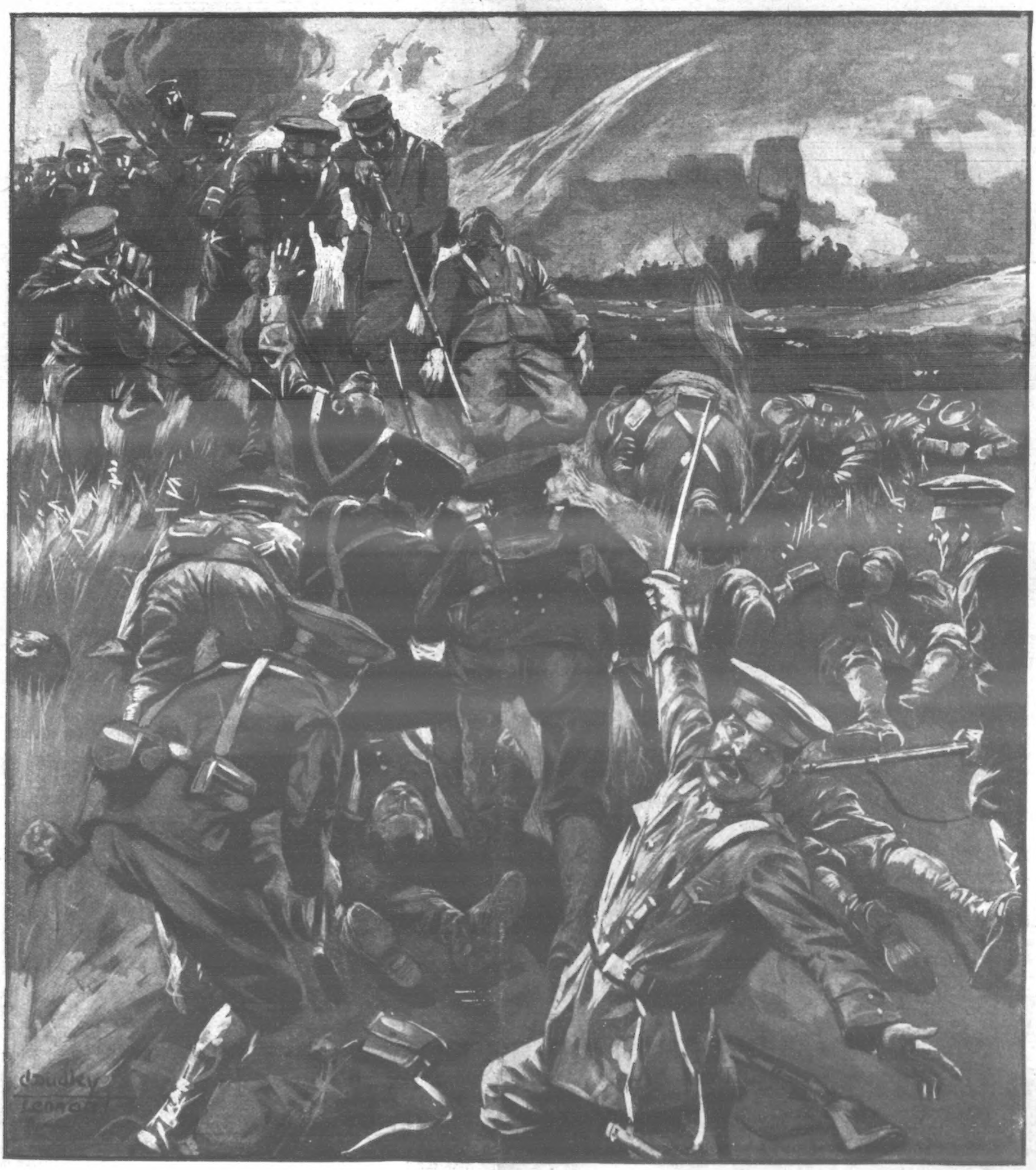
THE DEFENCE OF PORT ARTHUR, AND OTHER STIRRING BATTLE PICTURES.

(See Inside.)



DESPERATE ASSAULT ON THE GREEN HILLS AT PORT ARTHUR: THE JAPANESE STORMING THE SLOPES.

(See "The Story of the War.")

CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It SOOTHES the child, softens the gums, allays all PAIN, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ per bottle.

HINDE'S HAIR WAVERS

The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual injunction, with costs, restraining a West End Draper from passing off spurious curlers and selling them as "Hinde's" Curlers. Evidence was given by a lady nurse, Mrs. Nobbs of Kensington, that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wavers are genuine unless they bear the name "Hinde's" legibly impressed on the article and on the box. The present fashion of Undulated hair renders 'Hinde's Wavers' Nos. 18, 19, 20, a necessity at any well-appointed toilet table, and ladies to whom these little appliances may be at present unknown will experience a revelation as to the ease and rapidity with which the day or evening coiffure can be completed. They are sold in 1/- boxes by every dealer in the three Queendoms, or Sample box may be had, free by post for thirteen stamps from the proprietors, Hindes Limited, Finsbury, London, E.C.

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

'TIS THE PACE THAT KILLS BUT CYCLISTS SHOULD KNOW THAT "CRABBE" BRAKES CONTROL THE PACE.

BOOKLET FREE. TRADE MARK.

THE CRABBE BRAKE Co LTD. LIVERY ST BIRMINGHAM.

HAVE YOU A BAD LEG?

WITH Wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation, and so swollen that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression? If so, under the skin you have poison which, if not extracted, will cause you suffering till death releases you. Perhaps your knees are swollen, the joints being ulcerated; the same with the ankles, round which the skin may be discoloured, or there may be wounds. The disease if allowed to continue will deprive you of the power to walk. You may have attended various hospitals, and had medical advice and been told your case is hopeless or advised to submit to amputation; but do not, for I CAN CURE YOU. I don't say perhaps; but I WILL. Numbers have consulted me and been cured, after suffering from one to twenty years. If possible, call, or send a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. to ALBERT, 73A, Farringdon Street, London, and you will receive a box of

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT AND PILLS,

which is a Certain Remedy for the Cure of Bad Legs, Housemaid's Knee, Ulcerated Joints, Carbuncles, Poisoned Hands, and Bunions. (Registered Copyright.)

WEAK EYES

that quickly tire, cannot bear bright light, and both look and feel sore, are cured by SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT. This marvellous remedy has 300 years' reputation and is sold by all chemists and stores in ancient pedestal pots for 2s. each. If kept by you it will not lose its healing virtues. Send to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Rd., London, for the little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight." This should be seen by all who suffer from any eye trouble.

FWS

THE STORY OF THE WAR

RECORDED FROM WEEK TO WEEK.

SEVERE fighting took place on Aug. 25 and 26. An independent account shows that the united forces of Generals Kuroki and Nodzu were hurled against the entire east front of the Russians, with the object of forcing a passage to Liao-yang. The operations began at Erdache on Aug. 25, one and a half Japanese divisions directing their fire on Liandiansan. A strong force was dispatched to carry out a turning movement on Tusiupu and Takhu for the purpose of seizing the Tusintun Kofyntsa road. This movement was checked by Cossacks, and the Japanese force was subsequently repulsed by infantry and artillery. The Japanese again came to the attack, this time more furiously than ever, throwing themselves on the Russian centre and left flank in an attempt to turn the latter. This part of the fighting started at ten at night and continued with ever-increasing masses and vigour until one in the morning. With the valour of desperation the Japanese charged the Russian positions with the bayonet, shouting, "Bauzai!" All their attacks were repulsed with enormous losses, especially in one part of the field, where they were completely routed, leaving heaps of dead and abandoning rifles and knapsacks. The Russians pursued them into the hills. The Japanese losses here amounted probably to 2000. At four o'clock in the morning Japanese reserves came up, executing their movements as if on parade. Their advance was covered by an inferno of artillery.

Russian Losses. 1500.

Three hours previously the Russians began to retire without calling up their reserves, and evacuated the Anping Pass and the Miaolin, Siandiatzo, and Tsekau, and occupied positions beyond these points. The Russian losses for the two days were about 1500. The Japanese losses are believed to have been much heavier. The Tamboff, Orel, and Briansk regiments most distinguished themselves. The retreat was covered by a charge of the Caucasian Brigade, whose swords scattered the Japanese, notwithstanding the great losses sustained in men and horses. Colonel Kharanoff received two wounds in the chest and two in the leg and head. Prince Bakowitch Tscherkassy, chief of a Kabardin sotnia, which was the last to leave the Anping Pass, was also seriously wounded. On Aug. 27 General Kuropatkin visited the hospital of the Community of St. George and decorated many of the wounded. The Commander-in-Chief is described as being in excellent spirits, laughing and joking with the officers and men. All telegrams point to the imminence of fighting on a larger scale and importance than hitherto. A Liao-yang dispatch of yesterday's date contains the following significant words: "The enemy are concentrating around us. Whether we shall meet them here or remove our base elsewhere cannot be said for the moment. The troops await the expected decisive battle with the utmost confidence."

Photo. A. Barratt.

A TRAFALGAR SQUARE DEMONSTRATION: MRS. DESPARD (SISTER OF GENERAL FRENCH) ADDRESSING THE CROWD LAST SUNDAY.

THE DEMONSTRATION ADVOCATED THE MAINTENANCE BY THE STATE OF UNDERFED BOARD SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Retreat a Disheartening Surprise.

The order to retire and concentrate towards Liao-yang, which was given to the troops on the east front on the evening of the 26th, came as a disheartening surprise. It was the precarious position of the 10th Corps, especially Herschman's Division, on the extreme left, which prompted the order. The principal losses of the Russians were in the 10th Corps, a large proportion of them being officers. The retreating troops waded through a sea of mud amid a blinding rainstorm. The difficulty of removing the artillery and impedimenta was stupendous. Behind them lay a mountain torrent, and a narrow pass through which the Japanese had constructed a road during the Chinese war, and the Russian ranks were all the time exposed to the enemy's fire. The Japanese were evidently exhausted by the three days' ceaseless fighting, and could only follow up the Russians slowly. A communication received by the General Staff states that the Japanese continued on the offensive along the front between Anshanchan and Liandiansan. In the rearguard actions the Russians, during their retreat, had Major-General Routkovsky and Lieutenant-Colonel von Raaben killed. The number of men put *hors de combat* has not yet been ascertained. About 400 wounded have passed through the first-aid stations.

Five Hundred Japanese Killed.

The following telegram, dated Aug. 23, has been received at St. Petersburg from a Russian correspondent at Liao-yang—

As further reports arrive from Port Arthur the greater wonder is aroused at the persistence of the Japanese attack and the heroic stubbornness of the garrison's defence. The Japanese are literally throwing away thousands of lives in the hope of shaking the courage of the defenders. General Fock confidently declares that the fortress cannot be taken, and that if it is, the whole of the Japanese army will immolate itself on the slopes in capturing it. There were five desperate assaults on the Green Hills, the Japanese returning each time with apparently

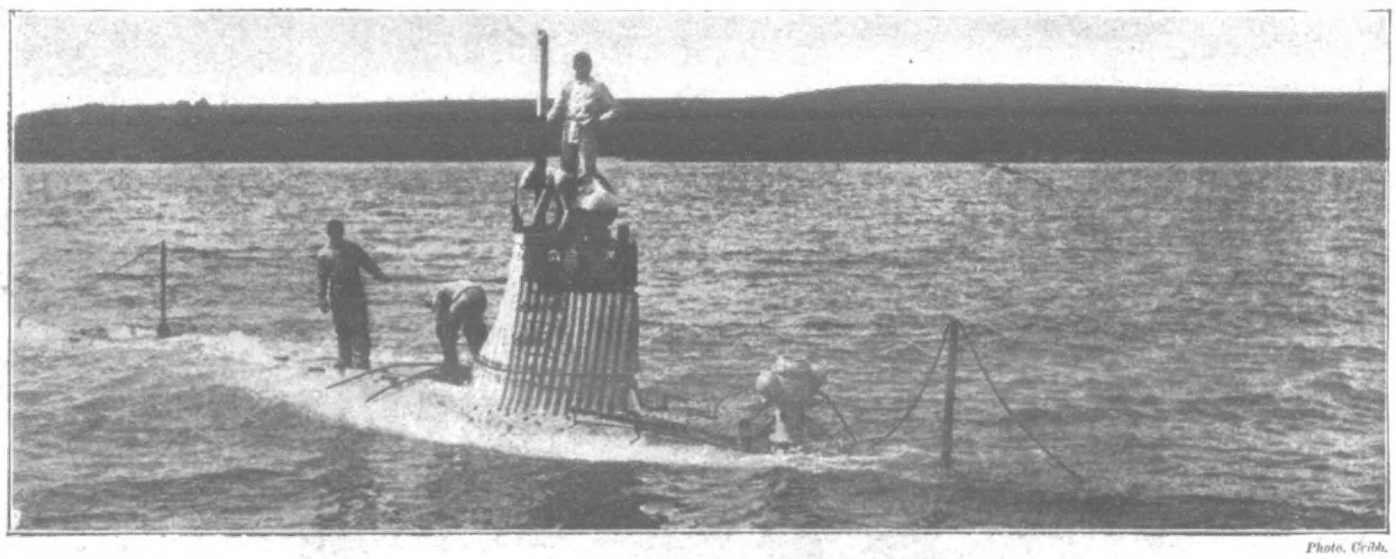


Photo. Cribb.

STERN VIEW OF "A 6," ONE OF ENGLAND'S NEW SUBMARINES.

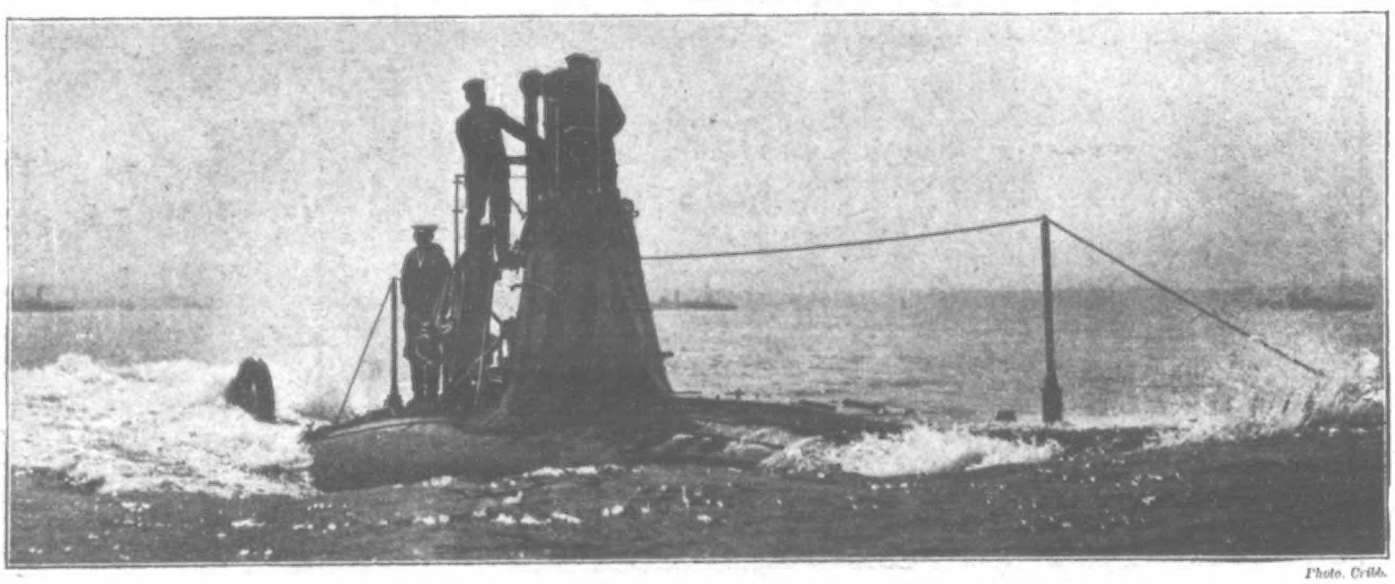


Photo. Cribb.

ONE OF ENGLAND'S NEW SUBMARINES: "A 5," THE LARGEST BUILT.

IT MEASURES 100 FEET IN LENGTH.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN AND HIS DAUGHTERS AT CUMBERLAND LODGE.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

inexhaustible reinforcements. At the final assault, however, the enemy broke badly, and threw away their rifles, cartridge-belts, and even their boots in order to facilitate their flight. They left 7000 killed and wounded on the field. Our surgeons worked heroically, impartially aiding both Japanese and Russians. For the first time in the history of the siege the Japanese were so touched that they thanked their benefactors with tears in their eyes. The assault on the Green Hills was renewed on July 27. The fighting was frequently of a hand-to-hand character, our troops leaving their trenches to follow the enemy. The assaults on July 28 and 29 on Wolf Hill were not followed up, as the Japanese were too severely shaken. We evacuated the positions chiefly for strategic reasons, as the hills made our line of defences too long to enable us effectually to withstand the enemy's furious attacks. The assault on July 30 was made on a dark night in

Photo. Russell.

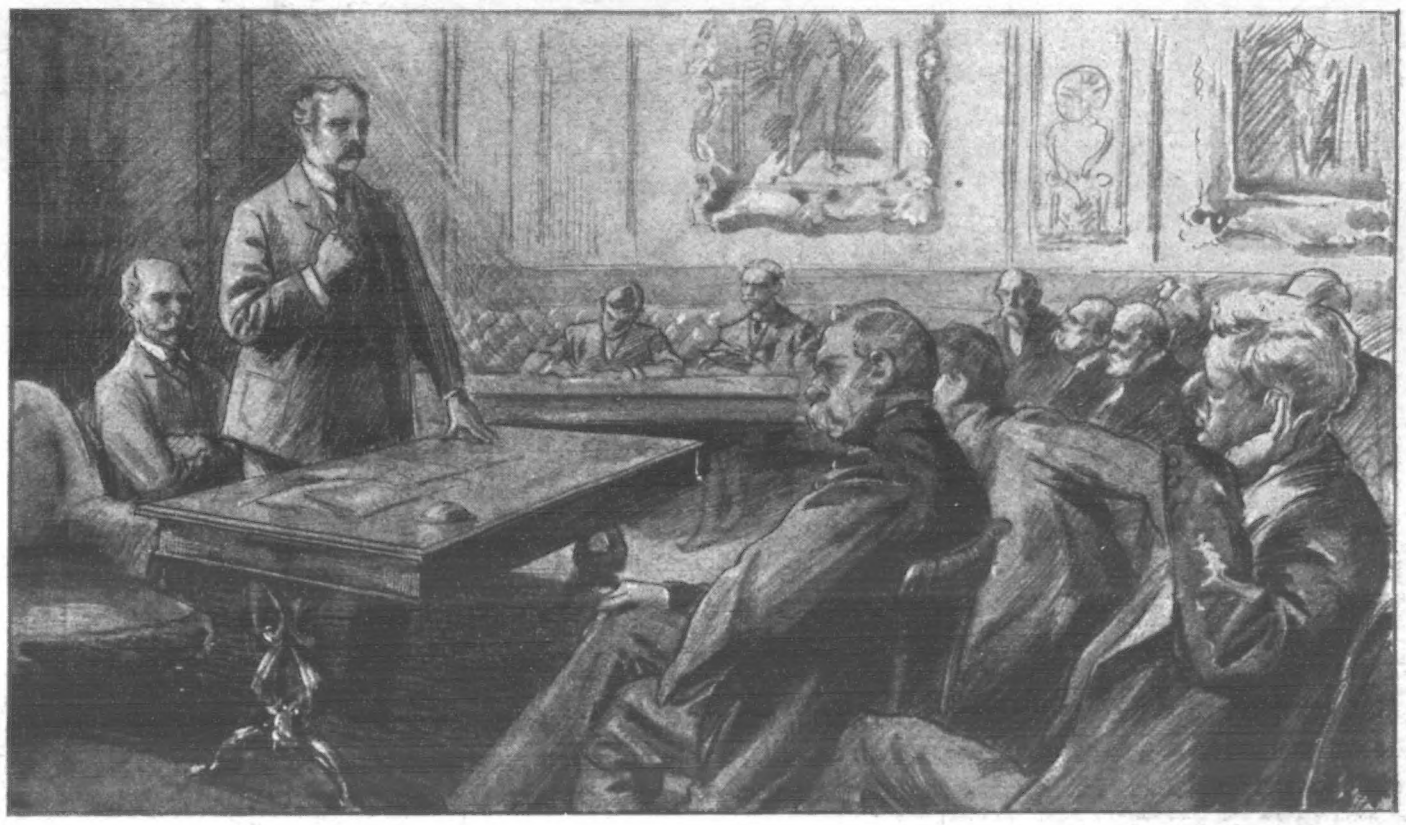
THE LATE DEAN HOLE,

WHO DIED AT ROCHESTER ON SATURDAY LAST.

HE WAS IN HIS EIGHTY-FIFTH YEAR.

the hope of surprising us. Sixty thousand Japanese were hurled against our thirteen thousand, but we drove them back again and again by the bayonet. It was another Shipka Pass.

The Japanese poured on with fresh battalions till the slopes were covered with dead and dying and literally streamed with blood. Our Thirteenth Regiment was forced from its position, but the Fourteenth Regiment came up, and with the bayonet again dislodged the victors while they were still cheering on the heights. As near as can be ascertained this assault cost the enemy 10,000 men. Their losses since the siege began are estimated at 28,000 killed and wounded. One mine wiped out 500 Japanese. It was an awful sight, and can only be described as a volcano of stones and dismembered bodies. The sky was lit up with a purple glare, and the mud walls of the Chinese villages were thrown down by the shock. After the fight General Stoessel collected 20,000 Japanese rifles. The enemy installed twenty siege-guns on Wolf Hill on Aug. 8, four of them 12-in. guns. They have not reached our shore batteries, but have damaged the dry dock and the railway station. They pour into the town an average of 800 shells daily, and keep up the bombardment day and night.



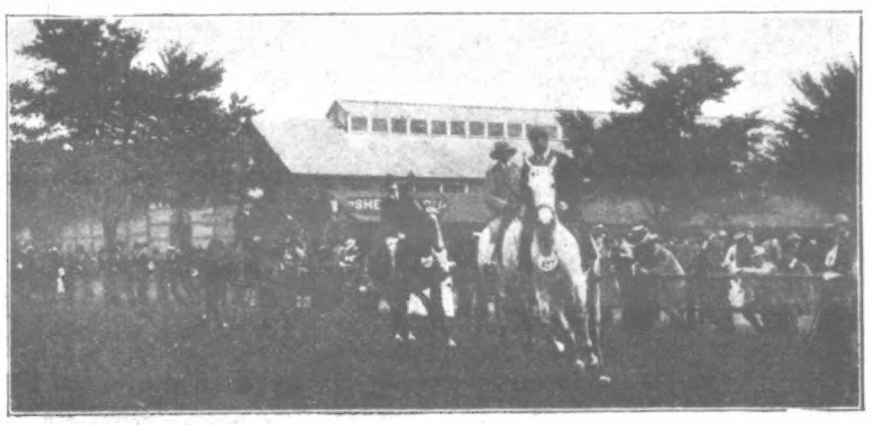
THE RUSSIAN SEIZURE OF BRITISH VESSELS: MR. BALFOUR (PRIME MINISTER) ADDRESSING THE DEPUTATION OF SHIPOWNERS AND TRADERS AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

"Novik's" Duel.

It was the cruiser *Tsushima* alone which defeated the *Novik* in the first engagement, according to a telegram dated Tokio, Aug. 23. According to the details of the battle which have reached the Navy Department, the *Chitose* arrived at dawn on Saturday north-west of Reibun Island, and proceeded to search the Soya Straits, but the weather was heavy, and she did not discover the *Novik*. At eight o'clock in the morning the *Chitose* and *Tsushima* met close to Reibun Island. The *Chitose* held the line extending from Soya Point to Isiretoko Point, while the *Tsushima* was dispatched towards Korsakoff. The *Novik* was found off Korsakoff at 4.30 p.m. The *Tsushima* sent a wireless signal to the *Chitose* and immediately attacked. The *Novik* was hit frequently, and at 5.40 p.m. retreated to the inner anchorage. She was enveloped in white smoke and was evidently on fire. The *Tsushima* was hit through her bunkers at eight minutes past six. She leaked badly and soon got a list. This forced her to withdraw out of range of the *Novik's* guns while temporary repairs were effected. These were completed in the course of the evening. The *Chitose* arrived after sundown, and the *Tsushima* was sent to guard the Straits, while the *Chitose* watched Korsakoff Harbour. At dawn on Sunday the *Chitose* advanced towards Korsakoff and anchored. She discovered that the *Novik* had been beached close to the town, and the crew appeared to be landing. The *Chitose* shelled the *Novik* from 6.25 a.m. till 7.11. Black smoke concealed the *Novik's* hull, and made sighting difficult. The *Chitose* then steamed to within 2500 mètres of the *Novik*. It was seen that she was partly sunk. She had a bad starboard list, and even on the port side the side-lights of the lower deck were under water. The hull was evidently seriously damaged, and the *Chitose*, being satisfied that the vessel was practically destroyed, steamed away.

Will It Be Decisive?

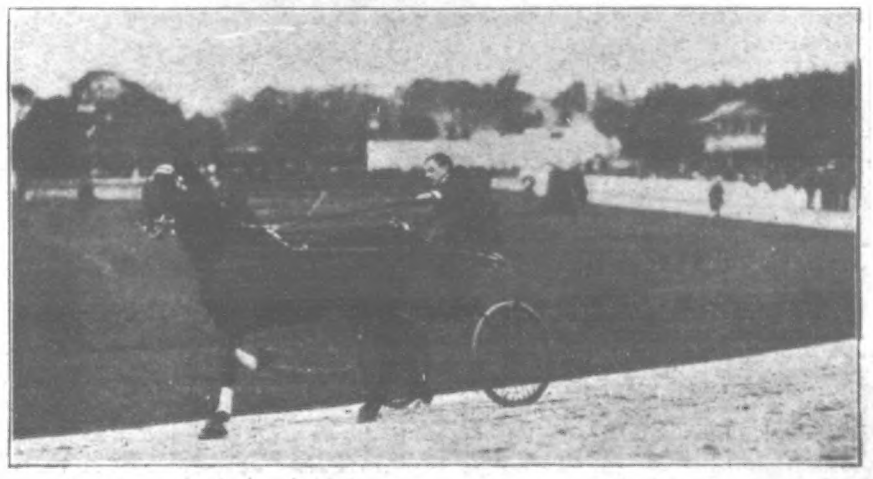
The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Echo de Paris* says: "Certain indications tend to the belief that General Kuropatkin will not accept a decisive battle at Liao-yang, but will only attempt to hold the enemy in check. The Japanese wish to strike a great blow, but General Kuropatkin will take care not to fall into the trap. All his precautions are taken with the object of effecting his retreat upon Mukden if it should be necessary. The greater part of the provisions and ammunition at Liao-yang has already been removed, but it is probable that the place will arrest the progress of the Japanese for a long time without the Russian army having need to employ its whole strength."



HUNTERS CANTERING ROUND THE JUDGING RING.

THE JUMPING COMPETITION: TAKING THE WALL.

THE LORD LIEUTENANT (EARL OF DUDLEY) AND THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT WATCHING THE JUDGING.



MR. M. HORAN'S LITTLE STAR, WINNER OF THE ONE-MILE TROTTING RACE.

"P.I.P." PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

The King's Return.—The King, much benefited by his visit to Marienbad, returned from the Continent on Thursday. His Majesty will be the guest of Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey for the Doncaster meeting next week, and will then journey to Balmoral. According to present arrangements, the King will return to England at the beginning of October.

Naval and Military Items.—The retirement is announced of Major-General Sir William J. Gascoigne, K.C.M.G., and Major-General Arthur Fitz-Roy Hart, C.B., C.M.G. Both officers were born in 1844, and both have seen much foreign service.—A War Office Finance Committee, composed entirely of members of the Civil Staff, has been formed to overlook and check Army expenditure by officers.—In St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, last week, General Lord Grenfell, commanding the Forces in Ireland, unveiled a brass memorial in memory of eighty officers and men of the 5th Royal Irish Lancers who fell in South Africa.—The battalion of regular troops now stationed at Jersey has been ordered to withdraw, and in pursuance of this order the Highland Light Infantry will leave the island on Sept. 27, and will not be replaced.—The rifle championships of the First Army Corps resulted in Major E. J. Tickell, D.S.O., 14th Hussars, winning the Army Corps Championship Cup and the Officers' Challenge Cup with a score of 72. Sergeant Crouch, 1st Scots Guards, won the Warrant and N.C.O.'s Challenge Cup with 71. Corporal Ivers, 14th Hussars, won the Rank-and-File Challenge Cup with 72. The conditions were seven shots at 300, 600, and 800 yards.—Lieutenant-Colonel T. J. Atherton, C.B., having completed his term of service in command of the 12th (Prince of Wales' Royal) Lancers, has retired on retired pay.—Colonel Colville, C.B., who commanded the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade in the South African War, has this week taken over the post of chief staff officer of the army of occupation in Egypt, in succession to Colonel G. M. Bullock, who has become Brigadier-General of the garrison at Alexandria.—Colonel Burney, C.B., has given up command of the 1st Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment, and is succeeded by Major McClintock, second in command.—Vice-Admiral Sir Archibald Lucius Douglas, K.C.B., has been appointed to succeed Admiral Sir John Arbuthnot Fisher, G.C.B., as Commander-in-Chief on the Portsmouth Station. To date Oct. 20, 1904.—Vice-Admiral Day Hort Bosanquet has been appointed to succeed Vice-Admiral Sir Archibald Lucius Douglas as Commander-in-Chief on the North America and West Indies Station. To date Sept. 1.—A Court of Inquiry was held at Devonport concerning the loss of the destroyer *Decoy*, sunk in collision with the destroyer *Arun* off Saltly during the manœuvres. The Court found that the collision was due to the *Arun*, the leader of the division, losing touch with the remainder of the flotilla, and not carrying navigation and screened sternlights, and, with the exception of a call on the flashing-lamp, not notifying her approach on an opposite course.

Mad Lama Hanged.—A message from Lassa states that on the morning of Aug. 18 two officers of the Indian Medical Service, Captains Young and Kelly, were standing near the outskirts of the camp close to two sentries, when suddenly a fanatical Lama, who had a sword hidden beneath his robes, sprang out upon them. Captain Young was struck violently on the head and knocked down. The Lama then attacked Captain Kelly, who threw his hat in the madman's face, and, seizing the sentry's rifle knocked him down. Regaining his feet, the Lama butted Captain Kelly with his head, and then turned once more on Captain Young, who had by this time risen. In trying to defend himself with an empty scabbard, Captain Young sustained another wound, six inches long, in the head. The madman then rushed at the sentry, snatched his rifle from him, and dashed into the main lunette of the camp, brandishing his sword in one hand and the rifle in the other. After a terrific resistance he was at length captured and bound hand and foot. He was found to be wearing a closely woven shirt of mail, and this it was which had saved him from being killed by the blows rained upon him during the struggle with his captors. The madman was condemned to death, and hanged. The wounded officers are in no danger.

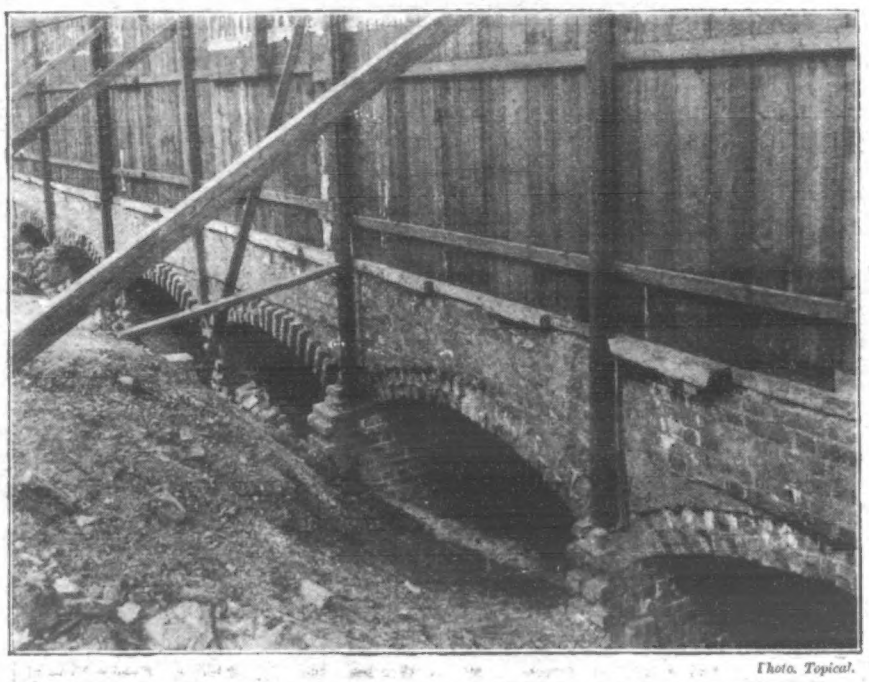


Photo. Topical.

LONDON'S "CAVE DWELLINGS" IN ALDWYCH, WHERE HUNDREDS OF HOMELESS WANDERERS HAVE LATELY FOUND SLEEPING PLACES.

Boating Disaster in Ireland.—A terrible boating tragedy occurred last week on Lough Neagh. Of seven persons who started out for a trip on the lough in a small sailing-boat, only one—Miss Winifred Green—returned alive. The names and ages of the victims were: Dorothy Green, sixteen; Frank Green, twenty; John T. Green, twenty; Herbert J. Green, eighteen; Hugh Catchpole, nineteen; and Frank Catchpole, twenty-one. All were related. The party left Kinnego Quay shortly after four o'clock in the afternoon, and were seen to head their boat out into the lough past Ardmore Point, and over to the Tyrone side. The weather was favourable, and no anxiety was felt for the safety of the party, who were expected to return in a few hours' time. Night fell, however, and there was no sign of the boat. It was not until three o'clock on the following morning that Miss Winifred Green, escorted by some kindly neighbours, staggered into the hall of her father's house, and fainted. Some time elapsed before she was in a condition to recount what had happened, and she then told how, the weather having become squally, water had flooded the boat, and about nine o'clock it had capsized. All the occupants were thrown into the water, and their efforts to right the overturned boat were useless. Clinging tenaciously to the keel, they were buffeted about by the waves. Frank Green was the first to release his hold. "He complained of a pain in his head," said his sister Winifred, "and dropped off and was drowned. We could not save him." Shortly afterwards the brothers Catchpole let go their hold of the keel, and were not seen again. John and Herbert Green were the next to perish. Saying they could hold out no longer, they bade the two girls good-bye, and sank together. Left alone in the darkness, Winifred and her sister Dorothy held on to the boat with one hand, and struck bravely out with the other. Soon the younger girl's strength began to give way. Winifred supported her as long as she was able but at length had to ask Dorothy to trust to her own energies. Dorothy struck out unaided for a little time, but suddenly collapsed and sank. Winifred struggled on alone, and at length reached the shore in a state of exhaustion. She walked nearly a mile to the house of a farmer, who afterwards took her home. The brave girl has suffered severely from the effects of her terrible experience, but is making progress towards recovery. The bodies of the victims have been recovered from the lough.

Whales Stranded at Queenstown.—A remarkable sight was witnessed on Saturday last, when two whales, each measuring about twenty-six feet in length and thirty-five in girth, entered Queenstown Harbour and became stranded on the rocks at Roche's Point. In their endeavours to get off the monsters cut great holes in their bodies, and for a considerable distance around the water was red with their blood. At length their strength gave out, and they died on the rocks. The whales were in pursuit of huge shoals of small fish when they entered the harbour.

Fatal Fire at Crouch End.—Two girls lost their lives in a fire which broke out last Saturday evening on the premises of Messrs. Morley and Co., mantle makers, 41, Topsfield Parade, Crouch End. The victims were Nancy Newton, twenty-one, shop assistant, and Ida Woods, twenty, domestic servant. Miss Newton had reached the street in safety after the alarm was given, but, returning to the first floor for her bicycle, she perished. When last seen alive Miss Woods was on the leads of the built-out kitchen at the rear. She called out that she had left a ring upstairs, and re-entered the burning premises. The fire raged for three hours, and not till then were the firemen able to enter the gutted building. Close together under the window of the dining-room the bodies of the two girls were found. Their faces were terribly scorched, and their clothing burnt off, but it was apparent that both had died of suffocation before the flames reached them. The damage to property is estimated at £7000, which is covered by insurance.

Two Mining Fatalities.—While sinking operations were in progress at the Fife Coal Company's Mary Pit, Lochore, seven men were entombed by a heavy fall of whinstone. Six were badly injured; the other—James Mitchell, of Cowdenbeath—was killed, having sustained two fractures of the skull. On Sunday night a second fatality occurred at the Melgund Pit, Lochgelly, which is only a short distance from the Mary Pit. Two inspectors had descended as usual, preparatory to work being resumed; but when a party of miners arrived some hours later they were alarmed at not receiving the customary signals. As black-damp was known to exist in the pit, a rescue party descended. The medical man who accompanied the party fell unconscious, and was with difficulty conveyed to the surface. Ultimately one of the inspectors was discovered and revived; but the other was dead.

MISS M. F. REES,

WHO HAS EARNED THE TITLE OF "THE WELSH PORTIA" BY HER EXTRAORDINARY KNOWLEDGE OF LAW. SHE INTENDS LATER ON TO ENTER THE LEGAL RANKS AS A SOLICITOR, IF POSSIBLE IN THIS COUNTRY, OTHERWISE IN FRANCE.

Disastrous Oil Fire.—Enormous damage has been done at Hoboken, near Antwerp, through the petroleum tanks catching fire. It is estimated that 100,000 cubic mètres of oil was burned. At the time of the outbreak eighty men were at work, and of these ten perished in the

Photo. Park.

"BABY CHLOE," THE SURVIVING GORILLA AT THE "ZOO" "VENUS." THE OTHER, DIED ON TUESDAY.

Photo. Topical.

THE CROUCH END FIRE, IN CONNECTION WITH WHICH TWO GIRLS LOST THEIR LIVES.

WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY IN THE FIELD.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

Photo. Bolak

TRIPLE TRAGEDY IN LAMBETH: CROWD WATCHING THE REMOVAL OF BODIES FROM PEABODY BUILDINGS.

Photo. Banks.

THE GRAND SALVATION TOUR: GENERAL BOOTH (WITH SIR WILLIAM BAILEY) AT SALE, NEAR MANCHESTER.

flames. The greater part of the oil belonged to Russian companies, the fire subsequently spreading to the tanks of the American Standard Oil Company. The fire blazed for several days, and Antwerp is now without accommodation for oil storage. It is stated that the fire originated through one of the petroleum tanks bursting and its contents catching fire at a portable forge.

Triple Tragedy at Southwark.—The details of a painful domestic tragedy were unfolded last week at Southwark Police-court, when Mrs. Maria Jane Martin was charged with the wilful murder of her three children by drowning them in her house at Peabody Buildings, Stamford Street, S.E. The little victims, whose respective ages were four and a half years, three years, and eleven months, were found dead—one in a pail of water and the others in a bath. Mrs. Martin disappeared, leaving on the table several notes, one of which ran: "My darlings died like lambs. Bury them with me. I cannot face him coming home to-night. I don't want him to follow us to the grave. We could be so happy, but for the drink." Detective-Inspector Knell told how he found the woman detained at Hampton Police-station. He conveyed her to Kennington Road Police-station, charged her with the wilful murder of her three children, and cautioned her; but she did not seem to understand. She laughed, and when the charge was read over, said, "Me! I never murdered my children. They are alive now." When asked by the magistrate if she had any questions to ask, prisoner murmured, "I want to go home and see my dear children." She was remanded, and will be under medical treatment until her next appearance at the court. At the inquest held by the Lambeth coroner, the father of the dead children described how he came home and found the three lifeless bodies. There was, he said, no justification for the statements made about him in the letters left by his wife. He had never ill-treated his wife or children, and had been a teetotaler for the past year. A verdict of wilful murder against Mrs. Martin was returned.

Photo. J. P. Fitz-Gerald.

AGED 104.

ELIZABETH LAWLOR, WHO DIED AT ARLESS, IRELAND, LAST WEEK, AT THE AGE STATED ABOVE.

Brutal Murder at Accrington.—An inquest was opened at Accrington on the body of Susan Westwell, aged seventy-eight, who was found behind the door of her cottage with her head battered in. A niece of the deceased stated that her aunt was eccentric in many ways. She had heard that the old woman had money boarded in her cottage, but knew nothing as to its whereabouts. The inquiry was adjourned until next Monday. In searching the house the police found coins of all descriptions in most extraordinary places. Money was discovered in a bucket and concealed in a chimney. A neighbour declares that she saw two young men in Mrs. Westwell's house some hours before the discovery of the crime. No arrests have yet been made.

Photo. Sturdee.

THE SCENE OF THE STRAND BURGLARY, SHOWING THE VARIOUS SHOPS AND OFFICES ENTERED AND PILLAGED BY THE THIEVES.

Burglars in the Strand.—A series of daring burglaries was committed in the early hours of Friday last week at Nos. 143, 145, and 146, Strand. The shops and offices of six firms were broken into and considerable booty secured. It is believed that the thieves first visited the offices of the *Yachtsman*, on the upper floor of No. 143. They then appear to have entered the shop of Messrs. Palfrey and Bowen, hosiers, on the ground floor, where they emptied the till of several pounds in gold and silver. By walking along the leads from the attic-window of No. 143, entrance was gained to No. 145, the premises of Messrs. Paget and Co., jewellers. Here they secured watches, chains, brooches, rings, and pins to the value of over £300. Leaving a safe containing thousands of pounds' worth of valuables intact, the burglars appear to have next regained the roof, and, by forcing a window, entered the office of the Art Photogravure Co., on the top floor of No. 146. After opening a safe and removing some papers they proceeded to the office of Mr. Stanley Francis, publisher, on the floor below, and appropriated some petty cash, several cheques, and an overcoat. The studio of the Strand Engraving Company yielded the thieves £5, to obtain which they smashed cupboards and desks, leaving the place in great disorder. The police explain the escape of the burglars by surmising that they were experts who timed their operations to take place during the change of police duty.

Miners' Strike Threatened.—Trouble is threatened between miners and mine-owners. The South Wales miners on Monday unanimously decided that their delegates attending the conference of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain "shall support the Scottish miners in maintaining the minimum rate of wages at all cost, but that they be given discretionary power to deal with the policy to be adopted to secure this end." It is understood, although no resolution was passed on the matter, that a general strike will be resorted to if no satisfactory settlement is arrived at.

Ladybirds Invade Grimsby.—The people of Grimsby and the district around are repeating, with the earnestness of a devotional exercise, the old nursery invocation, "Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home." They are suffering from a plague of ladybirds, and a severe strain is being put upon their gallantry. Vast numbers—some profess to know that there are millions—of these little insects have invaded the country-side, and they are said to have blackened the sky even as the locusts did of old. They are as great a nuisance as the rats in Hamelin town, and another "Pied Piper" is wanted to charm them away. On Sunday they fell upon the people passing through the streets, and on Humber Bank they covered many trees and shrubs. A patient investigator counted 341 on one small plant. The people of Grimsby, in fact, are walking on ladybirds and slaughtering the innocents at every step. With perseverance, therefore, they will probably stamp out the plague.

DRIFTING TO DEATH: MISS GREEN AND HER YOUNGER SISTER WAITING THROUGH THE NIGHT FOR RESCUE, AFTER THE TERRIBLE BOATING ACCIDENT ON LOUGH NEAGH.

CONVALESCENT OFFICERS AT OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

CRICKET is dying hard, and certainly the glorious weather of the week does not seem in keeping with the reality that football has commenced. Yet it is so; and even before the stumps have been pulled up the goal-posts have been planted. However, they are only what we are in the habit of styling holiday fixtures that hold the ground at present, with the all-important exception of the Rest of England v. Champion County match, which commences at the Oval on Monday.

Lancashire are, of course, champion county, and the composition of the team which will do battle for the Rest is sure to be representative of English cricket, even though one or two prominent players will be unable to play. The match will extend over four days, and it is expected that with the extra day thrown in a definite result will be arrived at. This was the only feature lacking last season to make the fixture entirely successful.

I am now in possession of most of the county averages, and they make very interesting reading, but before referring to them some remarks on the general averages may be of interest. At the time of writing Ranjitsinhji holds pride of place, and it is as nearly as possible certain now that he will remain on top. No man deserves the honour more than the Indian Prince, whose ease and grace and skilful manipulation have for years delighted the British public.

John Tyldesley very worthily heads the Lancashire batting average with 69·90. He has played in thirty-seven innings, has scored 2237 runs, with a highest innings of 225, and was five times not out. R. H. Spooner and Hallows have each scored over 1000 runs, and the latter has taken over one hundred wickets. Cuttell has also taken one hundred wickets, but has not exceeded the three figures in batting.

What more fitting than for George Hirst to head the Yorkshire batting averages? For his county he scored 1848 runs in thirty-nine innings, with a highest score of 157, and an average of 51·33. He has the further distinction of having scored 2000 runs and taken one hundred wickets in one season, a feat which has so far been denied to all but four men. Rhodes is at the top of the bowling averages, his one hundred and four wickets having been captured at an average of 19·90.

Last season's champions, Middlesex, have finished with a good record, despite the loss of the title. They have not had a regular side at command throughout the season, and this to some extent accounts for their loss of prestige. Still, they have put in some brilliant performances. Warner alone has made his 1000 runs in county matches, but Bosanquet more than deserved to. He has made 928 runs, with an average of 38·66, and took seventy-nine wickets, at an average of 21·88. In bowling, of course, Jack Hearne is an easy first with eighty-three wickets, at a cost of 16·07 runs apiece. Albert Trott has also done well by taking sixty-eight wickets at an average of 24·33.

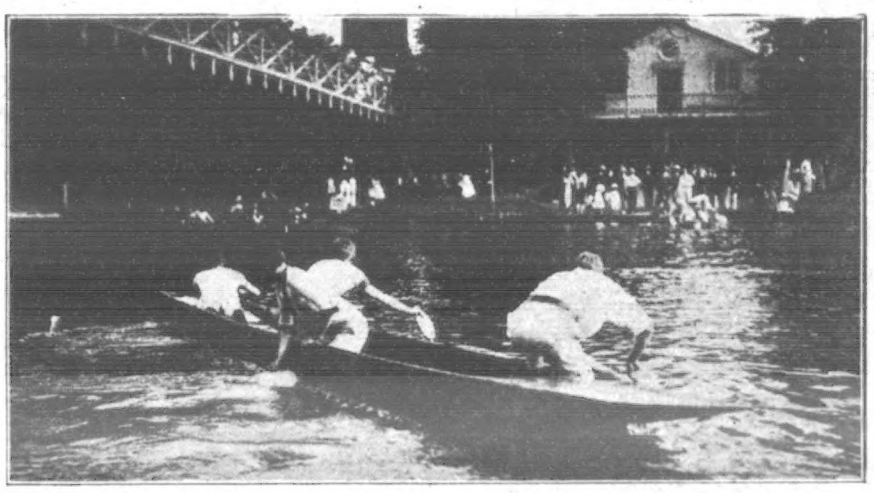
Willie Quaife, with 1393 runs, is on top of the batting for Warwickshire, and is one of the select few to score 200 runs in an innings, with an average of 63·54; and the left-hander, Kinneir, has also exceeded the 1000 runs, with the very satisfactory average of 40·28. The brunt of the bowling fell upon Hargreave and Santall, the former taking sixty-six wickets at a cost of 26·37, and the latter forty-seven for 20·48.

The West Indian, C. A. Ollivierre, heads the Derbyshire batting averages, having scored 1099 runs for his county. He is another of those who have scored over 200 runs in an innings; and L. G. Wright has also reached four figures during the season. In bowling, Storer has the best average, but he has only taken seventeen wickets, whereas Warren, with a slightly worse percentage, has dismissed 101 batsmen; while Bestwick, by taking seventy-one wickets, has also rendered good service.

Bowley tops the tree for Worcestershire both in batting and bowling; in the latter case he has done very little work, but his batting has been of the best. During the season he has scored 1331 runs with an average of 39·14.

Photo. Calcott.

AT MOLESEY INVITATION REGATTA: THE CORACLE RACE.



AT MARLOW REGATTA: THE "PLATE-PADDLING" RACE.

H. K. Foster runs him close with 1205 runs with an average of 37·33. Arnold has well maintained his reputation both as bat and bowler, and in the trundling department he has the good record of nine-two wickets for 24·36 apiece.

With the victory of Lancashire over Derbyshire by 131 runs last Saturday interest in county cricket practically evaporated as far as the general public is concerned, for, though it was certain that the Bournemouth and Scarborough festivals would draw fashionable crowds, it is equally certain popularity would veer round to football immediately Sept. 1 came round. Lancashire has had a magnificent season, even allowing that they were favoured by luck in some of their matches. Out of twenty-six fixtures they won sixteen and drew the remaining ten, thus having the rare distinction of going right through the arduous campaign without suffering a reverse. They have twice previously been absolute champions—in 1881 and 1887—being also unbeaten in the season of 1881. In 1889 they shared championship honours with Surrey and Notts.

That the County Palatine has merited the proud position attained is amply proved by figures—not always a sure sign, of course, or one that is generally approved. But when you get nine of your "regulars" each averaging over 23 runs per innings, it is reasonable to expect that the "other fellows" have got to look out for squalls. Even the great Archie MacLaren, generally acknowledged to have had a moderate season, has an average of over 31, and yet he holds only sixth position in the champions' list. Tyldesley is an easy first with an average of nearly 70, and the young amateur, R. H. Spooner, is second.

Third on the list is the only man who has ever got a 1000 runs and taken 100 wickets for Lancashire in one season. This is Hallows, who, in spite of indisposition and the trouble given by a bad knee, possesses a batting average of over 40, and has taken 108 wickets of under 19 runs apiece. On him, Cuttell, Walter Brearley, and Kermode has fallen the brunt of the bowling; and though Huddleston nominally heads the list of attackers, the laurels are certainly Hallows's.

LAWSON,

THE ENGLISH CYCLIST WHO WON THE GRAND PRIZE AT BERLIN LAST WEEK.

There has been a deal of talk about the inability of Lancashire to do themselves justice in their later county engagements owing to injuries to players, staleness, etc. Even within the past week it was gravely stated in print that there is a doubt about the match at the Oval between Lancashire (as champion county) and the Rest of England being brought to a head. In any circumstances I should say that Lancashire would put a team into the field even if one or two "stars" were temporarily "eclipsed." I haven't much fear about the four days' match coming off.

AT MARLOW REGATTA: THE PUSHBALL TOURNAMENT.

Yorkshire and Middlesex brought their programmes to an end at the same time as Lancashire, Yorkshire winding up with a tremendous victory over Somerset by an innings and 152 runs, while Middlesex overwhelmed Sussex by nine wickets—a touch of the old championship form in each instance. Yorkshire have nothing to complain about except the defeat by Warwickshire, and Middlesex performed magnificently when at full strength. Kent have provided the surprise of the season, and they may figure as champion county in the immediate future; but Sussex have been decidedly disappointing, and of Surrey and Essex the least said the better. Sussex have some solatium, inasmuch as they can point with pride to the fact that two of their batsmen hold the head of the batting averages, but, one is tempted to ask, what would Sussex have done without Ranji and Fry?

THE MERRY SEA WAVES: NOTES FROM A "P.I.P." ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

With the approach of autumn—or, rather, the commencement of it—athletics proper begin to show signs of waning, and almost before we are aware of it the cross-country season will be upon us. Nevertheless there is still plenty of racing to be got through, and on the principle that sport dies hard, so will the concluding part of the season prove as interesting as the early and middle parts of it.

On Saturday last the National Co-Operative Society foregathered at the Crystal Palace. It was the seventeenth anniversary of the society, and among the attractions were races on the flat and events a-wheel. There were five events and all of them were open to amateurs. The flat events were at 100 yards, 300 yards, and 880 yards, and the cycle races were at half a mile and a mile.

The 100 yards was remarkable for the win of J. S. Mayne, of the Windsor A. C., a veteran of forty-eight years of age. The winner had a start of 17 yards, certainly a long start in 100, but for a man of his years it was a remarkable performance. The 300 yards was secured by E. A. Chennells, of the Highgate Harriers, and the half-mile by E. F. Franklin, of the same club. Both the cycle events were won by E. S. Montgomery, of the Putney A. C., but he had nothing to spare in either, and he had less than a foot to the good in each case.

The Great Eastern Railway employes had a most successful meeting at Leyton. W. King became the two

miles' bicycle champion of the G.E.R., winning comfortably from J. C. Hatcher in 5min. 20 1-5 sec. The half-mile went to W. Brister, of the Herne Hill Harriers, who started from the 125 yards mark, J. Beattie, of the Albert Institute, being second. In the half-mile cycle race A. H. Neve, the Cambridge University crack, scored, and E. H. Montague performed well in the sprint and quarter, being only just beaten by H. E. Lewis in the short event, and only failing to beat R. J. Barkwith (25 yards) by inches. Other winners were W. Wells, of the Westcombe C.C., in the open mile cycle handicap; and A. F. C. Yorke, of the Blackheath Harriers, won the mile flat race.

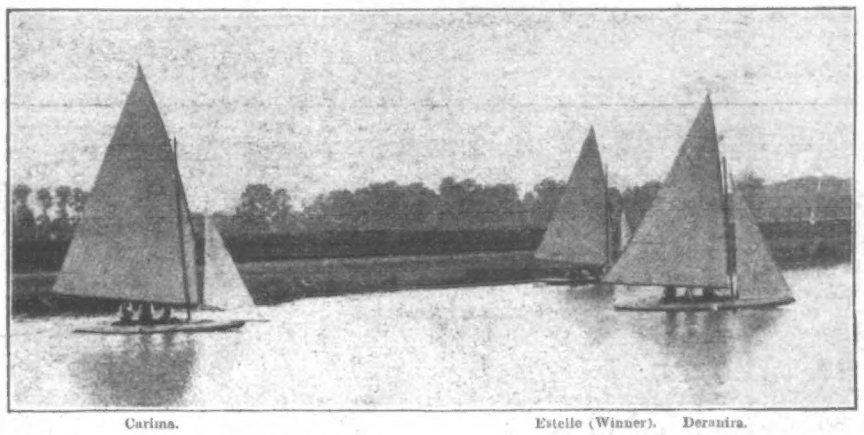
The City of London Championships were held on the Ravensbourne Club's ground at Lee. All the great city houses were represented, and sport was good. Nine clubs figured in the mile running championship, Aulaby being first with the lowest aggregate, 17 points. Ravensbourne supplied the winner of the mile walk in H. Rattenbury, and E. Shrewsbury secured the half-mile handicap from scratch, the 100 yards falling to E. Mitchell, of the Olympic.

LAWN TENNIS.

In the third annual tournament at Folkestone a dual success was attained by S. E. Charlton, who won the open singles, which event carried with it the title of Cinque Ports champion, and also assisted Miss J. Coles in carrying off the "mixed" open doubles. Equally as much interest was taken in the doings of Miss W. A. Longhurst, who had only to win the ladies' open singles to make the trophy for that event her own property, as she had twice previously won the contest. She met a stout opponent in Miss "Britain" who, however, was beaten by 6—4, 3—6, 10—8.

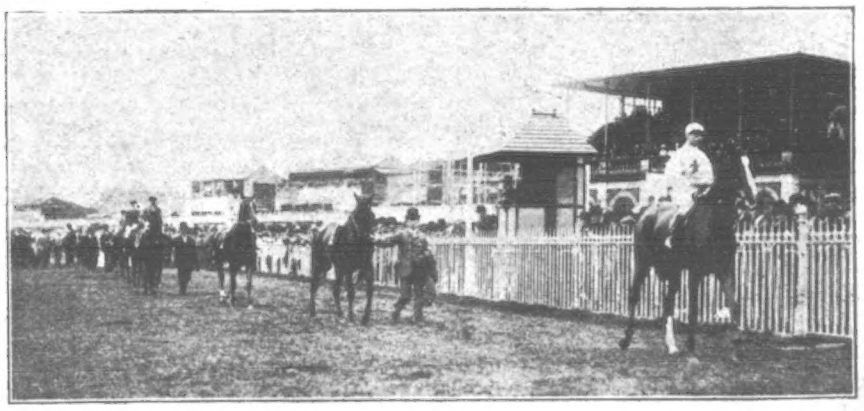
GOLF.

One of the most remarkable performances of the year was that of Mr. Robert Maxwell on the Prestwick course last Saturday. The celebrated amateur went out in 30—a truly wonderful score—and returned in 36, giving a total of 66. No championship course has ever before been covered in less than 68, by which score J. H. Taylor went round at Sandwich this year. The previous best for Prestwick was 72 by Harry Vardon, so it may readily be gathered what a splendid feat was accomplished by Mr. Maxwell.—BANSHEE.



Carina. Estelle (Winner). Deramira.

THE THAMES VALLEY SAILING CLUB: AT THE STARTING POINT FOR THE RACE LAST SATURDAY.



AT YORK RACES: THE PARADE FOR THE GREAT EBOR HANDICAP.

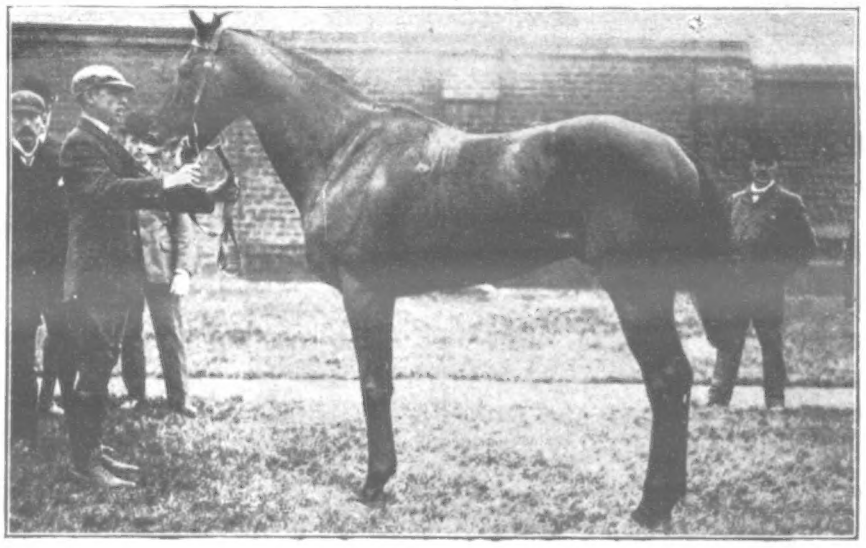
THE RACING WORLD.

WE should all be very much disappointed to hear that either St. Amant or Pretty Polly was not faring really well. Should these two come to the post in tiptop fighting-trim for next Wednesday's race, we shall have a big St. Leger indeed. In case anything untoward handicapped either, the Sellinger would be at once reduced to a matter of no importance, save as an anniversary outing for many thousands of good folk. Up to now one hears nothing but good of the champion colt and the champion filly of the year. Taking them on actual performance—personal trials, that is—precedence must be given to the lady when you talk about championship, for twice did she lower St. Amant's colours as a two-year-old.

As to the rest and their doings this season, opinions differ widely. In her second season's racing, as in her first, Major Loder's fine mare has not known defeat, and it is a true saying in the racing world that you never can really tell how good a winner is. In Pretty Polly's case the dictum applies with unusual force. Not only has she always been a winner when seen in public, but in every one of her engagements landed with, apparently, consummate ease.

Few who saw it will ever forget the style in which she scored when making her début. The gate went up for a start on the Sandown five furlongs, and before the occupants of the stands had fully realised that the field was on the move, something was seen out by itself so far that people said that one must have broken through the gate and it would be declared no race. Still further was this impression confirmed while, stride by stride, the great filly, looking like a four-year-old, left her rivals farther and farther behind. She pulled up showing no trace of exertion, and very short odds would have been taken that the race would be run over again.

Nothing came of the notion, however. Inquiry showed that everything had been done in due order, and that the reason why she got away from the others so soon and then so far furnished ample explanation—namely, her possessing much superior pace. All the same, she had been tried at home inferior to Delaunay, then known as the Pef colt.



MR. SULLIVAN'S WAR WOLF, THE WINNER OF THE GREAT EBOR HANDICAP.

The correctness of this statement has often been questioned, but I have the very best authority for saying that the account is perfectly true. Delaunay was the better when they were tried, but the filly came on marvellously quickly, and when next she ran at Sandown, carrying a big weight, quite dispelled all idea of flukiness in her former display.

To the end of the season she maintained her record unbeaten, and as a three-year-old simply paralysed speculation whenever she has been telegraphed as a runner. Never has she to be hard ridden, and so one has no means of getting nearer than a guess in estimating her excellence, and that makes the puzzle in endeavouring to put her and Mr. Leopold Rothschild's horse together for the St. Leger.

While she has consistently triumphed, St. Amant's performances have been streaky during his three-year-old days. In his first essay at Newmarket he was beaten by His Majesty, goodness only knows how. You cannot reasonably handicap the two so that The Saint is not called upon to give a lot of weight to the other. Still, His Majesty did win, and, moreover, in the Newmarket Stakes, St. Amant did not run half the horse that he really is.

Against these two defeats are to be put splendid wins in two out of the three races regarded as classics for second season horses. He took the Two Thousand Guineas in what on the turf is called a canter, but really means an easy gallop, and in the Derby he ran away with the race. Nothing ever troubled him—in fact, nothing could go as fast after he once started. Excuses were made for one and another; but you want a lot of excuses for horses beaten by one who leads from start to finish. Forthwith, Mr. Rothchild made up his mind to devote St. Amant to winning the Leger. The Grand Prize of Paris was allowed to go without him as a competitor, and, the ground being hard, so was the Eclipse Stakes, which he would, in my opinion, have won very easily.

So he has not been on view since Epsom Summer Meeting; while Pretty Polly, so lately as the last day of Goodwood, gave a taste of her quality by winning the Nassau Stakes from Royal Favour, a not quite first-class filly and a "commoner." Practically no real line can be taken for bringing the two together; one has no guide except through the Derby and Oaks running, in which Andover finished fourth to St. Amant, and Bitters was beaten by Pretty Polly.

Both races were considered to be won in a canter; at least, so the judge put it. Andover was beaten farther by the Derby winner than Bitters was by Polly. In neither case could the amount the winner had in hand be estimated. The difference, I should think, would be light. Taking them to be about the same as regards exertion—or, I should say, ease—you might, if you could rank the hero and heroine respectively as equal, put Bitters a little bit better than Andover. That line of argument will not do, however, at all, since Andover could at the time give his stable companion, Bitters, quite twenty-one pounds. With that fact kept before you the way is plain to give preference to

St. Amant,

which I accordingly do, and expect him to win the Leger.

I have been writing assuming my readers' full knowledge that the French horses have been scratched, and need not now be referred to. Where danger to the pair is to come from I quite fail to see. John o'Gaunt cannot be fit. Henry the First seemed to lose all form. Admiral Breeze is perhaps training on. Darley Dale had no business to win the Eclipse Stakes. Andover was beaten at York, but I do not think that two Andovers rolled into one could have won if bound to take the course he did. He will, I think, prove the best bar the two favourites, of whom St. Amant may be seen out at Derby, though a good deal depends on the state of the ground. BENDIGO.

Weidman Confident.—In an interview on Monday J. A. Weidman said that his start for the cross-Channel swim will be made next Sunday afternoon if the weather is favourable; otherwise, on one of the three following days. Weidman showed no trace of fatigue from Sunday's long swim. He looks upon twenty miles' "spins," such as he has had on several occasions this year, as part of the necessary preliminaries to the big effort of swimming across the Channel. Weidman believes in starting on the afternoon tide in order to get through the depressing task of swimming through the night while he is at his strongest. He has splendid stamina and pluck, and those who have followed his swims are sanguine that he will make a bold bid for the honours won only by his tutor, the late Captain Webb.

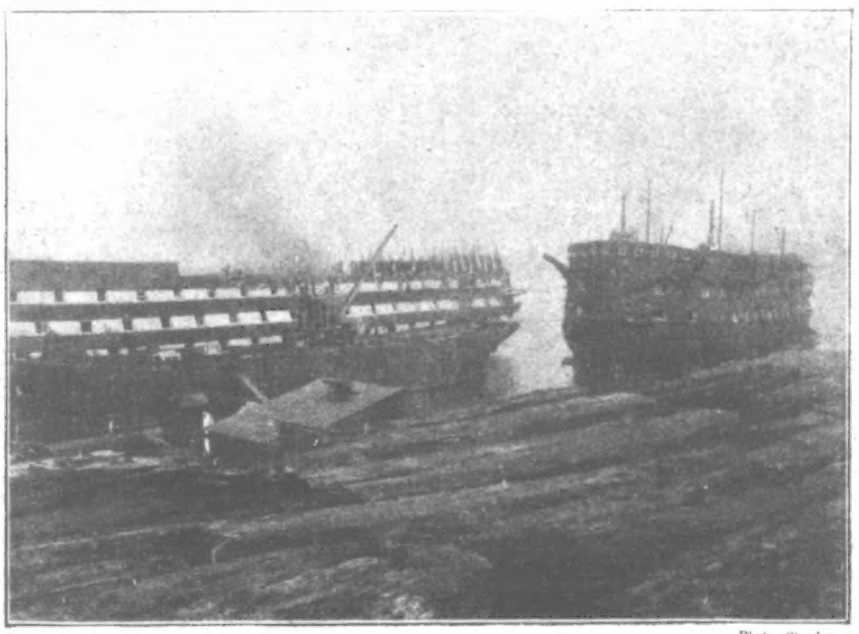


Photo. Sturdee.

TWO OF ENGLAND'S FAMOUS "WOODEN WALLS."

THE "WELLINGTON" AND THE "HANNIBAL," AS THEY APPEARED LAST WEEK AT CHARLTON, NEAR WOOLWICH, DURING THE PROCESS OF DEMOLITION.

W. COOPER

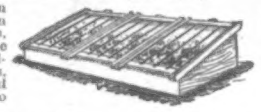
SPAN-ROOF GREENHOUSES.

No. 4. Portable tenants. Fixture. Substantially constructed. Complete with door, lock, and key. Ventilators and irons for opening same. Stages each side for plants. Painted one coat. 21 oz. glass. All ready for erection. Carefully marked so that any handy man can fix in a few hours, or delivered, erected, and glazed with extra coat of paint at works within fifty miles. Beyond this distance at proportionate prices.

Long.	Wide.	Height.	Eaves.	On rail.	Erected complete.
7 ft.	5 ft.	7 ft.	4 ft.	£2 17 6	£4 17 6
9 ft.	6 ft.	7 ft. 3 in.	4 ft.	3 15 0	6 0 0
10 ft.	7 ft.	7 ft. 6 in.	4 ft. 6 in.	4 10 0	7 0 0
12 ft.	8 ft.	8 ft.	5 ft.	5 15 0	8 12 6
15 ft.	9 ft.	8 ft. 6 in.	5 ft.	7 10 0	11 0 0
20 ft.	10 ft.	9 ft.	5 ft. 6 in.	9 15 0	14 0 0
25 ft.	10 ft.	9 ft.	5 ft. 6 in.	13 0 0	18 0 0

For numerous other Designs, see Illustrated List.

MELON AND CUCUMBER FRAMES.

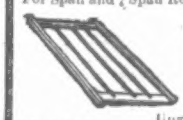


For storage of plants in winter, for the cultivation of melons, cucumbers, &c., in summer. Made of 1½ in. thoroughly well-seasoned red deal boards, lights 2 in. thick, glazed 21 oz. glass. Painted two coats.

	1-Light Frames.	2-Light Frames.	3-Light Frames.
3 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft..	15s.	6 ft. by 4 ft...	30s.	10 ft. by 6 ft...	60s.
4 ft. by 3 ft..	18s.	8 ft. by 4 ft...	36s.	12 ft. by 6 ft...	70s.
6 ft. by 4 ft..	28s.	8 ft. by 6 ft....	50s.		

For Span and ¾ Span Roof Frames, Pits, and Lights, see List.

GARDEN LIGHTS.



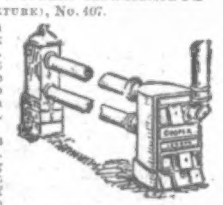
Well-seasoned, stiles 2 in. by 2 in., mortised and pinned to tenoned rails, properly rabbited for the glass, and fitted with 2 in. sash bars.

	Unglazed	Glazed 21 oz.	Unglazed, with sufficient glass to glaze them.
6 ft. by 4 ft. ..	2s. 9d. ..	9s. 0d. ..	6s. 0d.
5 ft. by 3 ft. 6 in.	2s. 6d. ..	7s. 6d. ..	5s. 0d.
4 ft. by 3 ft. ..	2s. 3d. ..	6s. 0d. ..	4s. 0d.
3 ft. by 2 ft. ..	1s. 6d. ..	4s. 0d. ..	2s. 6d.

Iron Strengthening Bar, 1s. extra.

"INVINCIBLE" HOT WATER APPARATUS

(TENANT'S FIXTURE), No. 407.



Most efficient and cheapest in existence. Requires no sunk stokehole and no brick setting. Will last all night without attention. Will burn house cinders, therefore costs next to nothing for fuel. Anyone can fix it; a child can stoke it. Success guaranteed.

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Securely and carefully packed on rail at the following respective prices: Size of House: 7 ft. by 5 ft., £2 15s.; 9 ft. by 6 ft., £3; 10 ft. by 7 ft., £3 2s. 6d; 12 ft. by 8 ft., £3 5s.; 15 ft. by 10 ft., £4 5s.; 20 ft. by 10 ft., £5 5s.; 25 ft. by 10 ft., £6 5s.

Estimates for complete Apparatus for any sized House free on application. Write for prices for large quantities.

PORTABLE STABLE AND COACH AND HARNESS HOUSE.

No. 64. Constructed of good strong materials throughout, the sides and ends being covered with matching, on 3 in. by 2 in. framing. The roof is covered with stout boards on strong principals and covered with felt, complete with partitions, doors, windows, ironmongery, and glass. In sections in readiness for erection.

Suitable for	Length.	Width.	Height at Ridge.	Height at Eaves.	£ s. d.
1 Pony and Trap ..	14 ft.	10 ft.	10 ft.	7 ft.	9 10 0
1 Horse and Trap..	15 ft.	12 ft.	12 ft.	8 ft.	12 0 0
2 Horses and Traps	20 ft.	12 ft.	12 ft.	8 ft.	15 0 0

PORTABLE BUILDINGS.

Suitable for Workshops, Dwellings, Store Rooms, Offices, Stables, Tool or Potting Sheds, and numerous other purposes. Doors and windows can be placed in any position. Erected by any handy man in a few hours.

Length.	Width.	Cash price. £ s. d.	Length.	Width.	Cash price. £ s. d.
7 ft.	5 ft.	2 17 6	16 ft.	10 ft.	9 15 0
8 ft.	6 ft.	3 5 0	20 ft.	12 ft.	11 5 0
10 ft.	7 ft.	4 10 0	30 ft.	14 ft.	18 10 0
12 ft.	8 ft.	5 15 0	35 ft.	15 ft.	27 10 0
15 ft.	9 ft.	7 10 0	40 ft.	16 ft.	32 0 0

For numerous other Designs, see List.

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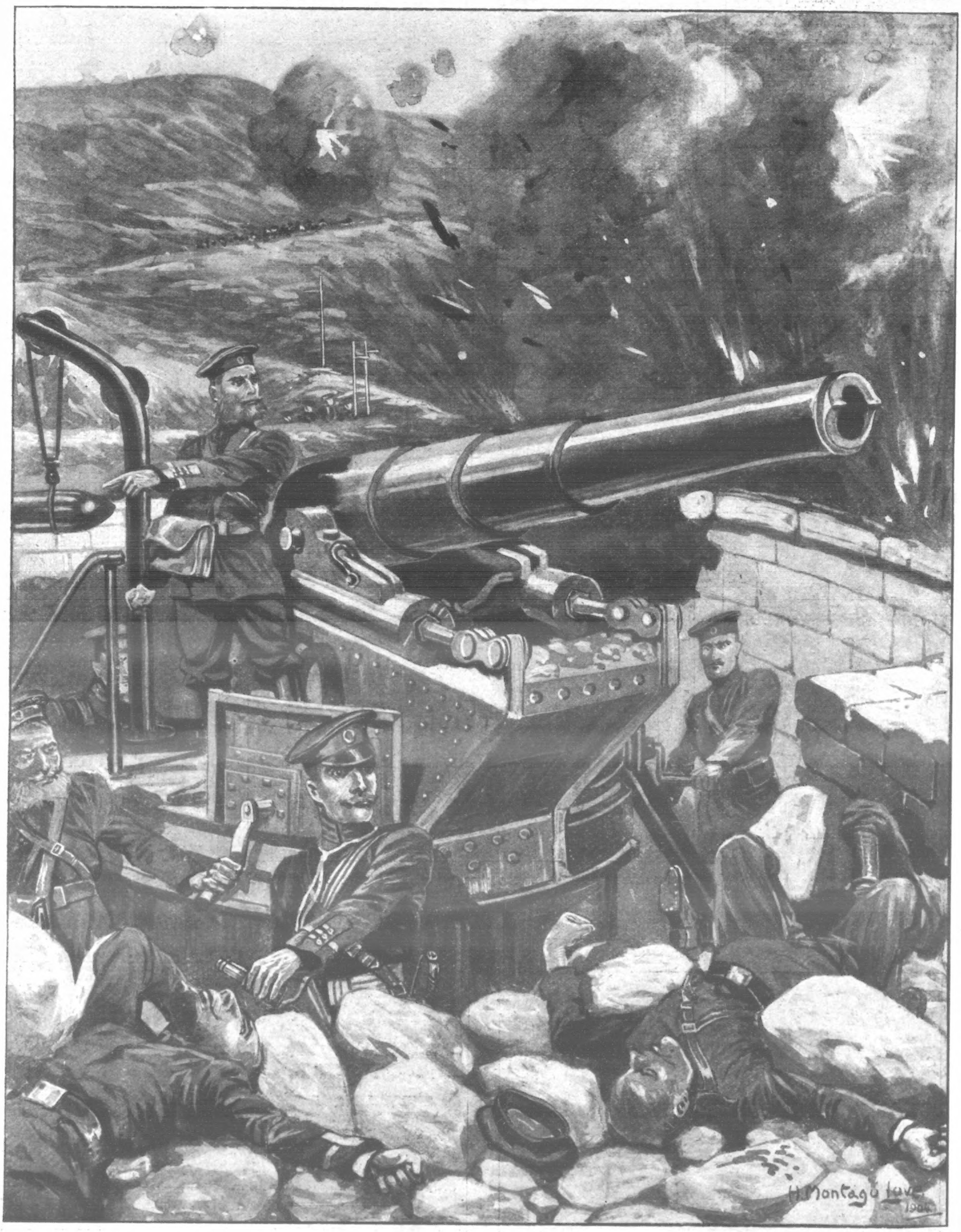
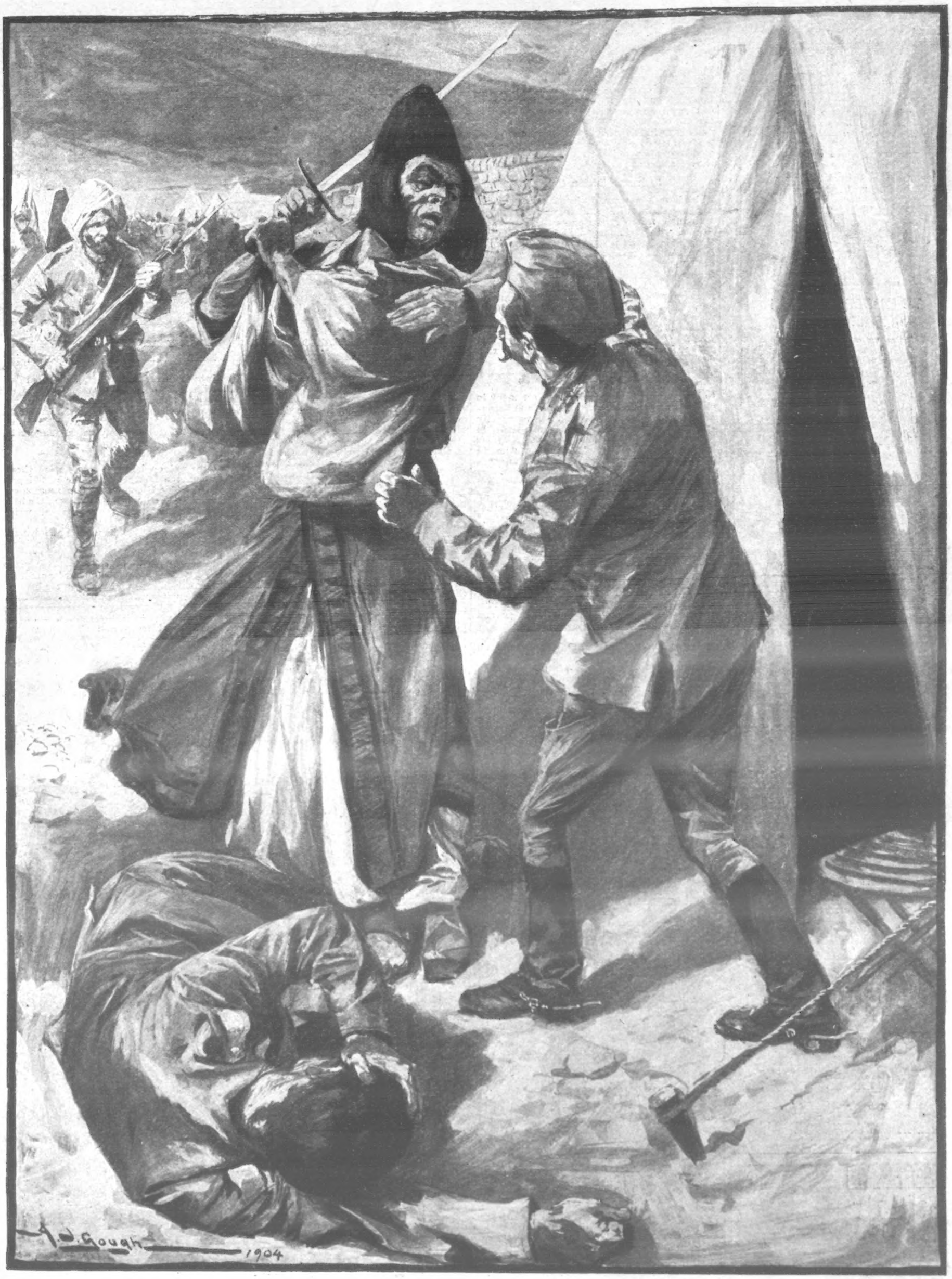


THE DEFENCE OF PORT ARTHUR: RUSSIANS REPLYING TO THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE JAPANESE.



THE TIBETAN EXPEDITION: MAD LAMA ATTACKING BRITISH OFFICERS AT LASSA.

(See "The Week's News.")

A FRIEND

will sometimes drop in unexpectedly to lunch, and you begin to wonder what you have in the larder. You may be assured that even a made-up dish will be thoroughly appreciated if you have provided a bottle of

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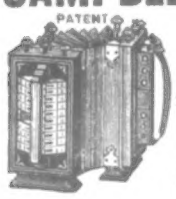

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

I HAVE at length found a foretaste of fashion in one of the most popular of our journals for women, the *Lady's Pictorial.* This "foretaste" should appear once a fortnight at least in all fashion papers, instead of descriptions merely of what can be seen in the shops. The contents of the shops should not be overlooked, of course, as we do not all live in London; but we all, whether in town or country, like to have an idea what is coming in the way of hats, toques, and bonnets for autumn and early winter wear. The writer in the *Lady's Pictorial* says that "fur coats and tailor-made walking-coats and jackets will be cut on much the same lines as the

Silk and Linen Coats

which have been worn during the summer, and the large sleeves will be filled up, as heretofore, with fussy frills of lace or net." These wide sleeves, with their fussy frills, look absurd at the seaside, but it is surprising how few women know how to dress at the sea. I saw a gaily dressed woman a few days ago, trailing upon the sand a pink silk petticoat trimmed with lace. Her frock was a pale putty-coloured voile, trimmed with lace, and she wore a very smart hat. She would have looked very much better in a plain serge or delaine, and a hat which would not have been blown about by the strong wind.

The feather stole will be very much worn during the autumn, and there are now

Very Beautiful Specimens

to be seen at Debenham's. There are many to choose from, and the prices range from half-a-guinea to twenty guineas each. A very pretty one is only 15s. 6d. There are also stoles in black or "natural," two and three-quarter yards long and six strands wide, for a guinea; and in clipped ostrich feathers for 29s. 6d. This is an excellent time to buy feather stoles, as they are rather cheaper than they were during the season, and they are just the thing for the kind of weather we have in September—neither hot nor cold.

I see that the writer upon dress in the *Lady's Pictorial* has something to say in praise of the rain-cloaks to be bought of Messrs. J. W. Elvery and Co., 51, Conduit Street. I can speak from personal experience of the excellence of their goods. Their stock of

Ready-made Coats and Jackets

is a very large one, and to order they will turn out a coat in any material that is chosen, and make it up into any pattern that suits the customer. A sketch of a very pretty new model, made by Elvery and Co., will be found on page 240 of the *Lady's Pictorial* for Aug. 20. It seems to me to be a masterpiece of its kind.

There has been a discussion in the *Daily Mirror* about whether "Pretty girls are as sensible as plain ones." I see no valid reason why they should not be sensible as well as pretty; but the fact is that a pretty child is made so much of on account of her good looks, that unless she is exceptionally sensible, and endowed with good brain-power, the chances are that she will grow up vain and silly. It is, of course, as the writer of the article says, absurd to declare that a girl must be vain and frivolous because she is pretty; and to be convinced that a plain girl is clever is just as silly. It is a curious fact, however, that when we see the portraits of girls who have won distinction in musical or art schools, we are struck at once by the lack of good looks among them, and very few of them make the most of the share of good looks that they possess by

Dressing Becomingly.

This is a mistake. Every woman should study the art of dressing so as to look her best.

What a trying ceremony for a fortnight-old baby the baptism of the son of the Emperor of Russia must have been! The infant, dressed in blue, was carried by a Princess, and the first part of the religious ceremony consisted of a solemn exorcism, by means of which the little creature was freed from the influence of evil spirits! The water in the font was then blessed, and the child was anointed on the forehead, breast, ears, hands, feet, and shoulder-blades with holy oil, and a symbol of the spiritual strength about to be bestowed upon him. His scanty hair was then clipped in the form of a cross upon his little head, and he was three times immersed in holy water. After this

Pure White Robes

were put on him; he was carried three times round the font, and a salute of 301 guns was fired. The Sacrament of Confirmation was then administered, and various parts of the body were anointed with a sacred chrism, which had been prepared at Moscow in Holy Week. The Dowager Empress then took the baby in her arms, and it received the Communion, in the form of Holy Wine, from the hands of the Archbishop. When all the religious ceremonies were over the Emperor placed the Order of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Russia, on the breast of the child, and it was, let us hope, taken back to its mother. One of the newspapers says that the little fellow cried lustily, and it would be wonderful indeed if he did not.

MARGUERITE.

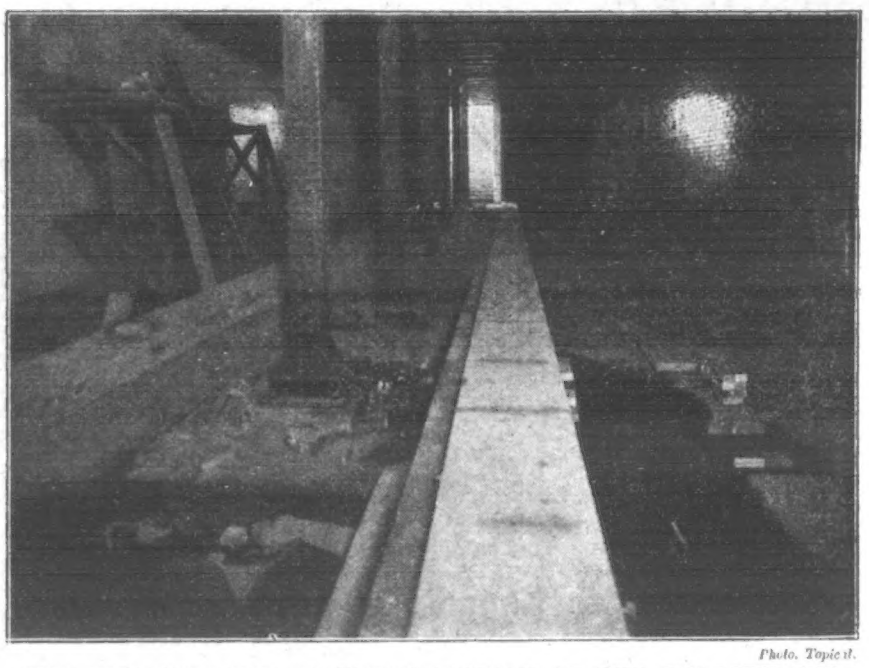


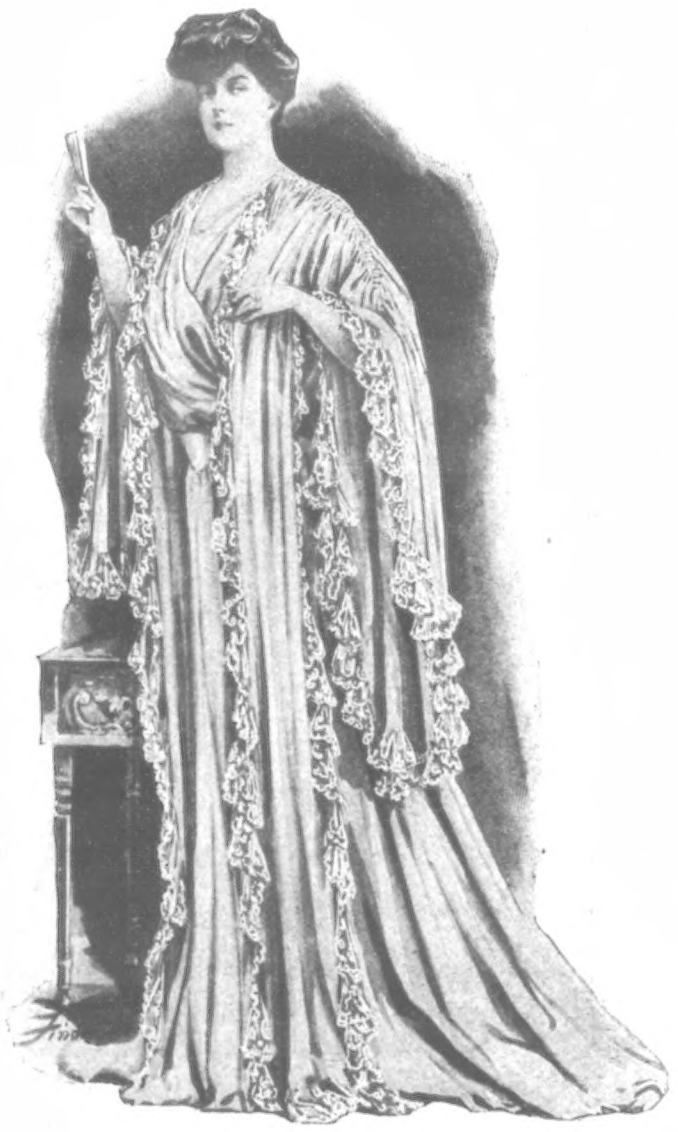
Photo. Topical.

THE UNDERGROUND TRAMWAY STATION AT THE HOLBORN END OF ALDWYCH, SHOWING THE ENTRANCE FROM THE ROAD.

Messrs. Harrison and Maude have had a barge constructed over thirty feet in length, to be used in the new piece to be produced this week under the title of "Beauty and the Barge."

THE NEWEST FASHION IN A WALKING COSTUME.

BUILT IN FACE CLOTH AND TRIMMED WITH MILITARY BRAID OF A DARKER SHADE. THE REVERS AND COLLAR ARE OF WHITE CLOTH EMBROIDERED.



AN ARTISTIC TEA-GOWN.

IN CREPE-DE-CHINE, HAVING THE STOLE ENDS DOWN THE FRONT AND SLEEVES EDGED WITH LACE.

ALL THE SOCIAL AND THEATRICAL NEWS OF THE WEEK.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

THE JEWELS OF PRINCESS VALDA.

BY C. E. C. WEIGALL.

Author of "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," "Gunner Jack and Uncle John," "An Angel Unawares," "The End of the Story," &c.

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CHAPTER XXV.

NURSE EDITH was sitting alone in her tiny room at the Victoria Hospital. On her knee lay the cablegram that had reached her from Bristow that afternoon, and by her side was the key of the unicode which had helped her finally to master the apparent conundrum of its message. She knew it by heart now, as she would have done anything that bore the signature of Kenneth Bristow; and her mind had been working over every word all the weary time in the ward where she was on duty and her attention claimed on every side by troublesome and exacting patients—

"Go at once to Annabel Francis, 11, Garland Street, Camberwell. Tell her to come out here immediately to her brother. It is life or death. Prevail upon her to induce her brother to save a man who is their enemy, and is in imminent danger of being murdered. Do not lose a moment. Heaven bless you. KENNETH."

She would have done more than that for him, though she never guessed that she had been the unconscious means of working much sorrow in his life, and this task was the easier since she knew Annabel Francis, the dancer, very well, and had worked hard to snatch the life of her little child back from the gates of death. She had gauged, too, her nature, and the nature of all the family, and she recognised the profound difficulty of coping with a disposition that only recognised one law—evil for evil and good for good. She had methodically worked out the whole route that would take Annabel to Sicily at the earliest moment, and had found that she might arrive at her destination in less than two days if she were to leave London that night.

She knew Bristow well enough to be convinced that nothing save the most urgent necessity would have induced him to telegraph thus to her, and when she finally rose and dressed herself in her uniform it was with the deliberate intention of fulfilling the request immediately. She drove to Garland Street first, thinking perhaps that she might find Annabel there, and uncertain whether she was still engaged at the theatre. It was eight o'clock by the time her cab jolted into the narrow alley that was an apology for a street, and whither Annabel had drifted with her father on her return to London, and she found the house at last with the help of her sympathetic driver, who scented illness in her late visit. A strange, elderly woman opened the door, and told her that only the old man was in, and Mrs. Francis was dancing at the Papillon.

Nurse Edith wondered a little whether she would succeed in persuading Annabel to undertake the mission; but she was a woman who never allowed the thought of failure to cross her mind until it was an accomplished fact, and with Mrs. Bartram's help she soon had a few of Annabel's clothes packed ready in a handbag for the journey—wondering a little pitifully at the poverty of the bed-room that had lost everything but the barest necessaries in the way of furniture.

When she came downstairs again it was with a photograph concealed in her hand that was a wonderful likeness of the beautiful child who had just looked at life, and, not finding it to its liking, left it for the brighter shore of Heaven. The picture might help her, she fancied, to win the day, though she felt she was about to lead a forlorn hope.

The Papillon was a blaze of light when she drove up, and her uniform admitted her at once to Annabel's dressing-room, which, as a senior member of the dancing chorus, she shared with only two other girls. She stood there looking down placidly upon the narrow dressing-table, with its pots of rouge, its make-up properties, and its untidy dresses and shoes flung down everywhere. The strains of the orchestra, playing the popular dance in "The Painted Butterfly," which was the last triumphant operetta at the Papillon, floated in to her. She could hear the tap of the dancing feet and the roar of applause, as for the hundredth time Annabel and her *vis-à-vis* swept down to the footlights, and danced there like mad, flaming butterflies—their coloured chiffon skirts and gauze wings whirling in the wild frolic. The quiet woman in her blue gown, with the white strings tied under her chin, stood with folded hands, parted from her by only a few yards, and the dresser looked on in impertinent curiosity as to what could have brought her there.

"Oh, Heaven help me to soften this woman's heart!" she prayed—and the dresser wondered why her lips were moving—"so that I may please *him* as well as do some good."

It was a pitiful prayer; born of a love that had never risen beyond her lips—that could never find satisfaction in this world. Bristow had said: "A woman whom I thought I loved before I met Lettice."

It was the speech of an honourable man; for he had recognised her love for him, and had taken it on his own shoulders.

> The painted butterfly, gay and light,
> Danced into the candle in sheer despite
> Of all her advisers could do or say,
> And she frizzled and burnt herself quite
> away.

It was over—the catchy, common tune and the silly words; and with a rush the ladies of the chorus were back again behind the scenes. Most of them had friends in the audience who found them in the green-room, but Annabel caught sight of Nurse Edith outside the dressing-room door, and came quickly up to her. The sight of the nurse always reminded her of the night she had lain in her arms, sobbing over her child's deathbed, and her face whitened under the rouge and paint.

"What is it, sister?" she said.

Edith looked at the trim figure in the short gauze skirt, the silk tights, and dancing-shoes. The antennæ of the butterfly upon her head, fastened with a paste star, gave her a coquettish expression, but the nurse noticed that her breath was coming thick and fast.

"Have you heard from your brother lately, Annabel? There is no bad news for you—but you can help me now."

"I will do anything for you. I heard from Ben this morning. Why?"

"I had a telegram from a friend of mine in Sicily this morning. He is engaged to marry Miss Hanbury, whom I think you may know, as you know Marshlands. His name is Kenneth Bristow."

"I have heard of him," said the woman shortly; "but I am not going to mix myself up with any of that lot, who are trying to help the biggest scoundrel unhung."

She turned away and busied herself with her powder-box, repairing a mark on her cheek.

"Annabel, I do not know anything of this story, but——"

"Then I will tell you," she burst out. "The Armytages made their money by stealing diamonds from a Jew, whom they tried to murder. He will not leave them till they are punished as they deserve. Oc--whom for my sins I married--was murdered in Malta. What became of the sister I do not know, but Beck is in the hands of Ben and a Jew and a Sicilian, and they are going to punish him. I think they will kill him very cruelly, but it does not matter to me—it is only what he deserves."

"But why do they not rescue him by the help of the police?" cried Nurse Edith in horror.

"Oh, police are no good in Sicily against the secret society to which the Sicilian noble belongs. He can do what he likes, for the Mafia are more powerful than anything."

"Then Heaven help the poor wretch! You are a murderer, Annabel, if you refuse to help him."

The woman laughed scornfully. "Octavius was a murderer. He killed my heart and all the loving kindness that ever I had in it."

"Annabel, I have never asked you to do anything before for me—I have never reminded you of what I did for Charlie."

Nurse Edith's arms were round her, and Annabel, to her surprise, felt that the tears were dropping fast on her shoulder.

"I can't refuse you if you ask like that," she said harshly. "But what can I do?"

Edith held up the portrait of the little baby, and Annabel caught it to her lips.

"When your child was naughty you forgave him out of your great love. If he had grown up to be a bad man, would you not have forgiven him still? Annabel, perhaps this wretched man had no loving mother to set him a pure example."

It needed but little more persuasion to show Annabel that Nurse Edith was in terrible earnest.

"I shall lose my place," she said.

"Something else will be found for you—never pause to think of that when a human being's life is trembling in the balance."

Annabel remembered her brother's cruel letter of that morning, and shuddered a little.

"They are treating Beck Armytage horribly. Oh, yes, I will go. And, Nurse Edith, if I save him, will it—bring me—any nearer to Charlie?"

"So near that you can almost see the garden of Heaven where he is playing: so near that you are a noble, honest woman again—a woman that any man would be proud to call his wife."

"Nurse Edith, will you tell John Pendry about me? I was going to give up dancing on the stage after this week. He sings in the choir at St. Augustine's, and I know you go to church there, for I have seen you sometimes. He has cared for me a long time—long before I married Octavius Armytage--but I think he was not sure of me."

"He will be sure when I have seen him," Edith said emphatically.

And John Pendry received a visitor next day in the dinner-hour, at the house of business where he was engaged as a clerk, who sent him to his desk to write such a love-letter as Annabel had only imagined on the stage. Misguided woman as she was, there was still the germ of good within her, that wanted but the energy of a kindling spark to light into a blaze again—and that blaze was burning steadily when Nurse Edith left her as the mail-train glided out of the station on its way south.

"To right the wrong!" The very words seemed to give her courage, and for the first time for many a weary year Annabel set her feet upon the first rung of the ladder that leads upward,

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Mr. C. R. WILLIAMS, Coxswain, 12 Mess, H.M.S. "London," Mediterranean Station, writes—

"I am racing boat's crew, and a few months ago the whole boat's crew found it very difficult to finish the distance (five miles)—in fact, we were completely done up, and easily beat by other boats' crews. We tried physical exercise night and morning, but it did us little good. I then proposed to try Vi-Cocoa, which we did, with wonderful results. In a month's time there wasn't a boat's crew on the Station who could come anywhere near us, so we are making sure of the cup next month.

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and faced the precipitous climb bravely. Why she had done it she could not herself be certain, but in this world the magnetism of a noble heart often works more permanent and lasting good than half the sermons preached in England.

When Nurse Edith reached the quiet of her hospital-room late at night she sat down, tired though she was, and wrote a long letter to Bristow. It was so gentle in its expression—so truly womanly a spirit breathed through every line of it—that he thanked Heaven with misty eyes when he read it for a friend so true and a heart so loyal.

Then she lay down and slept till morning the gentle sleep of a little child. Daybreak found her in the ward again, with the same smile and pleasant word for everyone that made her the most popular woman in the place. She went round in her white cap and apron, remarking a new case here and there that had been brought in during the night. The nurse going off duty paused to speak to her by the side of a bed where a man was lying, with his face half hidden by a sheet.

"Sister Edith, this is a new case—very sad—just brought in. He was knocked down by a carriage passing in the street, and was carried here. Late in the night his servant traced him here and told us who he was. He is a Russian Prince, my dear—Prince Ivan Donatowski; and he cannot be moved out of the ward into a private one just yet, though the doctors will do it later in the day. He is badly hurt, and the valet has telegraphed for his wife."

Nurse Edith took the facts of the case and the orders of the doctors, then turned to Dmitri, who sat huddled up on a chair near the bed behind the screen that had been put up to isolate it. She spoke kindly to him, and the miserable face lightened a little.

"Sister," he said, "I am unhappy—despairing. I telegraph to the Princess—she blame me—she be angry with me. I was left in charge of him, and he got confused with the streets—and what wonder after Siberia!"

"Where is the Princess?" said Nurse Edith kindly, smoothing the sheet back from the white unconscious face. She was struck by the strength and tragedy of it, and by the scar that seamed it under the thin hair on the forehead.

Dmitri fumbled in his pockets, producing a paper, which the nurse read with astonishment, for it gave the address of the hotel in Taormina where Kenneth was staying.

"Is she with a Miss Hanbury?" she stammered, reading a fresh link in the chain that bound her fortune to that of the Armytages.

"Yes—oh, yes. I telegraph to the Princess to return immediately, and she will doubtless bring back Miss Hanbury with her."

"Doubtless," said the nurse faintly, for the sound of many waters was in her ears, and she was wondering whether Bristow would return with his *fiancée*—whether she should see him again just once, and feel the touch of his warm, kind hand. She found that she was speaking mechanically to Dmitri, assuring him that all that was possible should be done for his master, and that he should be moved as soon as could be to a private room.

Then she saw him leave the ward and drift out into the street, and went about her work with a mechanical precision very unlike her usual energy.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"IT is terrible!" said Valda, wringing her hands. "And not the least dreadful part is that I must go away, leaving my work unfinished."

She was standing in the middle of the saloon with Dmitri's telegram in her hand, and all her luggage neatly packed and strapped about her.

"It is a blessing in disguise, Princess," was Bristow's grave answer. "I have often wondered how the end could come, with you and Letty—two delicate women—so near at hand. The shock of any tragedy might have killed Letty—just as the constant strain of uncertainty is telling on the nerves of both of you. I, for one, am thankful that to-day you two will be out of this coil."

"But you will remain; you will not leave until at least that man's sister comes?" cried Valda, laying her hand upon his wrist. "I have great hopes in her power of persuasion."

"Though none in mine. No, Princess, I will not leave this place until I have seen the end of the tragedy—or the beginning of the comedy, for sometimes I vow I believe the whole thing to be a farce."

"There speaks your British mind," responded Valda warmly. "You who have no secret societies cannot believe in the power of them. Oh, the beef-eating, placid race that you are! Why, every moment of this life of yours is a tragedy, and you call it amusing. Now, I have no doubt that the carriage that knocked over my husband the Prince was in the pay of one of the Russian societies—the Red Cross for choice."

"You foreigners always live at fever-height, just as you women never by any chance think that anyone can do any work except yourselves."

They were alone, for Letty was bidding good-bye to the garden that she loved, the narrow streets, and the little children who played in the sun and who had already given her their hearts. When she came in, it was to announce the arrival of the carriage, and her lip quivered as she looked at her lover.

"I am frightened at leaving you here, Ken," she said. "I wish you were coming with us."

"I shall follow you in just a few days, darling. Think how much better and stronger I am; and what danger is there to me in this lovely place? No one has any grudge against me, sweetheart. I am only holding a brief for Armytage on the Princess's behalf."

"You will be sure to run into no danger, for my sake, Ken?"

"I will be careful, darling," he said tenderly.

The saloon at the hotel was deserted for the moment, and he stepped across the broad strip of sunlight that divided her from him to take her hand. Behind her, through the open door that gave on to the street, the Spanish jennet, harnessed to the waiting carriage, was jangling its bells in the clear air. Before her lay the wide view from the balcony of sea and bay, and Etna shooting dome-like into the quivering sky, with its cap of smoke above the steaming crater. Chestnut woods clothed its sides up to the arid waste of black lava and the eternal snows, but from that exquisite view Bristow turned to the radiantly lovely face of the girl and rested there, supremely content. Valda had gone outside to leave them to their adieux, and they could see her wrapped in her long cloak, looking down the white road towards the station.

"My darling!" he said again. "My darling!" and for the moment she clung to him silently, and he could feel her tears against his cheek. "You must not cry, little girl; it is only for such a short time that we are parting."

"I know that I have no cause for tears—it is for Valda to weep; she is going back to trouble, and I, only to wait for you," she whispered. "But, Ken, I have had lately so much trouble."

"I know, I know; but it has ended now. Look up, sweetheart; you have got to the silver lining now."

"Come, Letty," cried Valda, from the doorway, "we have no time to spare."

She shook hands with Bristow, and, looking into her face, he was touched by the greyness of it and by the lines about her mouth.

"Kenneth," she said abruptly, "if I find my Ivan better—if he is spared to me, I have made a vow that I will mix no more in such business as this has been. I will go with him into the country, and there we will have our chickens and our apple-orchards, and live as the happy peasants do."

"And Letty and I will come to you, and tell you the gossips of the Courts—eh, Princess? Adieu, my sweet; a few days will see me with you once more." And they drove away, while the old custodian at the gate of the Greek theatre waved his hat to the pretty English girl who had spent so much time among the rosy ruins.

Harriet Armytage, or, as she called herself, Canora, had returned from Messina in time to bid Valda adieu, and what she had learnt there had been no consolation, for the lawyer had told her as a beginning that her hasty marriage to the Count could not in itself have been legal, since none of the regular formalities had been observed. The English Consul, to whom she also had appealed, had attempted to convince her that she would be well rid of the man who had so basely deceived and robbed her.

"He is a thorough-paced scoundrel—well known to everyone—hand-and-glove with everything that is most corrupt in this poor country. If it were possible at all to arrest him on any charge, I would do so with the greatest pleasure; but possibly even you, who know Sicily so slightly, are aware that under the exquisite surface lies a rotten depth of corruption, impossible to imagine. There are snares on every hand and eyes in every wall, and above all the Mafia holds the key of every door."

"I know," said Harriet sullenly. "I give up, but at the same time, if I can by any means touch a heart that perhaps does not exist even, I shall do so, even if it be for my ultimate sorrow."

"Then you love him?" said the Englishman, surprised, and he read her answer in her sullen, miserable face.

Harriet had found her punishment at last, and in late life her heart had woke with a power she had never dreamt of possessing before, and she realised that until the day she died she would love Canora with a passion that would be like a flame, burning away her heart for ever.

She had changed her hotel now, and was located under the same roof as Bristow, so that when he returned with a sigh from bidding Letty adieu, he found her wandering listlessly like a tormented soul about the saloon. He had profound pity for her now, although he had had nothing but scorn and dislike at first. But no man could have resisted the haunting appeal in her eyes, and he sat down beside her.

"Have we much longer to wait now till this woman—Oc's widow—comes?" she said hoarsely.

"You are building high hopes on her arrival. I hope they will not be disappointed," returned Bristow kindly. "My private opinion is—though I would not even hint such a thing to Princess Donatowski—that we have seen the last of your unfortunate brother, his money, and the diamond."

Harriet shrugged her shoulders. She had small sympathy with anyone but herself, and the recent tragedy of her love affair had deadened whatever affection she might once have borne for her brother.

"Of course I am sorry for him," she said. "Of course I want to save him if possible; but the chief thing to me is to regain my husband, and I can only do that by getting possession again of the money that he stole from me."

"And yet, by your own showing, it was never yours."

"But it would be if Beck were dead; I am his only near relation now," she said slowly.

"Good heavens!" Bristow looked at her with contempt and horror in face and voice. "And you are a woman—made of the same flesh and blood as my Lettice!"

"Oh, yes, I am a woman; and most women—even your Letty—would kill their nearest and dearest to secure their lover," she cried with a reckless laugh.

"That is false!" said Bristow. "And if I can help it, I will never speak to you again," and rising from his seat, he left the room.

She had so completely betrayed herself that he knew that never till now had he realised the utter worthlessness of the woman, and he was thankful that Letty was out of sight of her, so that her pure innocence might not be smirched by contact with such a nature.

That night, as he lay awake watching the moonlight fall in silver bars across the floor through the open window, he heard a woman sobbing wildly in the adjoining room, and he knew that it was Harriet Armytage. Her ungoverned weeping lasted till late in the night, and when it had spent itself he asked himself whether anyone could call Beck Armytage and his sister persons of undoubted sanity. At any rate, it seemed impossible to judge them by the ordinary standards of other people.

When the next evening brought Annabel Francis, Kenneth felt with a shade of whimsical curiosity that this affair introduced him to a variety of strange friends. She was very tired, but even her quiet gown could not disguise the traces of "make-up" on her face, or conceal the general effect of very second-rate stage life that Annabel always carried about her. She came into the saloon where they were sitting with an air that challenged observation, and the few German and Italian gentlemen present lifted their eyes to her face at once. Bristow hurried forward as she hesitated on the threshold.

"Mrs. Francis?" he said. "I had not expected you so soon. How good of you to come!"

He looked round for Harriet, expecting her to second him in his welcome, but she was sullenly staring out into the dim garden, and he knew that he must expect no help from her, since her attitude towards the late lodge-keeper at Ollerton Towers did not look conciliatory.

"Say, rather, thanks to Nurse Edith," said Annabel, pushing back her veil. "I should never have come but for her."

She looked calmly round, but he noticed that her eyes were strained, and it was evident she had not slept for some time.

"There is Miss Armytage, I think? Good evening, Miss Armytage."

Harriet nodded to her; then, suddenly remembering how much rested on the chance of this woman's success, she made an effort at civility.

"You have travelled far, Mrs. Francis, and, as well as I can see, on a fool's errand."

"Perhaps fools rush in where angels fear to tread; at least you have the merit of plain speaking," retorted Annabel, with perfect *sang-froid*.

"Does your brother expect you?" interposed Bristow nervously.

"He sent a messenger to the station—for me, I suppose, for he had an address scrawled on a piece of paper in Ben's writing; but I cannot understand Italian, and I do not know what he was trying to tell me—something rather important, I gather—but I insisted on his bringing me to your hotel first, and he is waiting outside."

Bristow rushed to the door. In the twilight the dim outline of a Sicilian boy was seen lounging against the wall, whistling shrilly on a pipe made out of a reed. Bristow used what little Italian he was master of, and by dint of a gold coin woke a new avaricious light in the brown eyes.

"Yes, he could take care of the signora; he would take her safely to the house where was the sick Inglesi; for he was very sick—the signore who had written the note—since morning, when he had fallen through the window. Which signore? Was there more than one? Ah! Battista could not tell."

He could have told more, perhaps, but into his eyes had crept the shifty look that is always the precursor of a lie with a Sicilian, and Bristow asked no more.

Annabel shouldered her handbag and followed Battista up the road, declining all offers of protection from Bristow with the sensible suggestion that she would be more likely to gain an entrance to the house if she went alone, and if it was any member of the party who was really ill, she would be in demand as a nurse.

Bristow watched her depart reluctantly. "There goes a brave woman," he said to Harriet, with a sudden sense of respect for the woman who had just left the room. "She might be one of the submerged tenth—she may be only an honest, hard-working woman, but she is a brave soul in spite of all."

Harriet made no answer beyond a faintly impatient movement of her head, and he moved away, regretting that he had broken his vow of silence.

It was dark with the suddenness of a Southern night when Annabel left the town of Taormina behind her. She was by nature a brave, fearless woman, but even she had her moments of doubt as she followed the boy's pattering feet up the roughly paved road. When they were beyond the radius of the oil lamps the shadows looked eerie, and she felt that each patch of mysterious darkness in the mountain hollows might be the hiding-place of wild beasts, human or otherwise.

Battista stopped short outside a gate in a high stone wall with a long line of building above like a monastery, here and there twinkling with lights in the upper windows; and at his curiously musical whistle, following a double knock, a woman cautiously opened, and seeing who stood without, beckoned them in and locked the gate behind them.

Annabel found herself in a wide courtyard with high buildings on either hand, and in the centre a fountain playing water that flashed under the lamp above the gate. Battista glided away into the shadow, and Annabel, left alone, followed the Sicilian woman into the house.

"It is the Monasterio di San Uberto," said the woman suddenly, in broken English. "They have moved the sick man here—he is very sick."

Mrs. Francis hazarded some question, but received no reply save a grumble in Italian from Maria, who had said more than she intended. It was therefore with curiosity not unmixed with fear that Annabel saw her fumble at the door of a room on the upper floor situated in a long, ice-cold corridor of white stone. She was doubtful as to what she should see when the door was open, or even who it was that was shut up ill in that lonely place deserted by everyone, since it was monastery only by name.

"*Ecco!*" said Maria harshly, as she drew back to let her pass through and then retreated, banging the door behind her.

There was a bed in the middle of the room, curtained and covered with a gaudy quilt of rare satin, on which dragons and antediluvian beasts had long ago tarnished and lost their lustre. On the bed, with face turned painfully towards the door, lay her brother, but the ghastly features and livid lips made her fear—until the eyes reassured her—that he was no longer living.

"Ben!" she cried. "Oh! Ben, what has happened to you?"

He had never been a good brother to her, even according to his lights, but he had befriended her of late, and at the sight of him the faint sisterly spark of love burnt higher. He raised a hand painfully and beckoned her nearer, speaking in a hoarse whisper—

"They 've done for me," he said, with the slow, painful accents that denote every word a difficulty.

"Done for you! What do you mean, Ben?" she echoed in dismay. "And I have come all this long way to see you, and now it is too late."

"Too late," he said. "Only come a bit nearer, Annie. It happened like this: I quarrelled with the man they call the Count Canora. He has got all—the money—Beck Armytage's money—and I—wanted my share. He got behind me—and threw me through the window—on to the stones below. Then I was moved here. My back is broken—Annie—it is a matter of hours. I am hurt inside too." He paused, panting for breath. "It will not hurt—much more—the doctor says. He has been—but he does not care—they are all for Canora."

Annabel listened, trembling. "Ben, I will nurse you back to health. I will do all I can. I will go into Italy and fetch another doctor."

"They will not let me see one." He gave a ghastly smile that distorted his face. "I don't—want—to live, and I am afraid—to die—Annie."

"Ben, I have come to see Beck Armytage. If you are going to die, it cannot matter any more to you about him," said Annabel, with sudden hope.

"What do you want to save him for? You have no cause to bless—them."

"They have been punished, Ben. I want to begin life again. I want to—oh! you will not understand—I want to see my little child again."

She buried her face in the quilt, fearing the shout of laughter that she felt would follow, but there was silence instead.

"Annie," he said at last, "don't think I am snivelling at the last—for it isn't that. I don't want to be—good—or anything—but I want to get even with Goldstein—and Canora. They are—taking him—up Etna—to-morrow at daybreak—I don't know what for—but there is—the truth. Save him—if you will—but do not leave me."

He seized her hand, and she felt the cold of his own as his grip tightened in his agony. It was horrible to see him suffer, terrible to feel her powerlessness.

"Annie—I wish—now it is too late—I had lived different—too late."

He said no more, but the cries of agony that filled the room made her thankful when unconsciousness followed and he was silent.

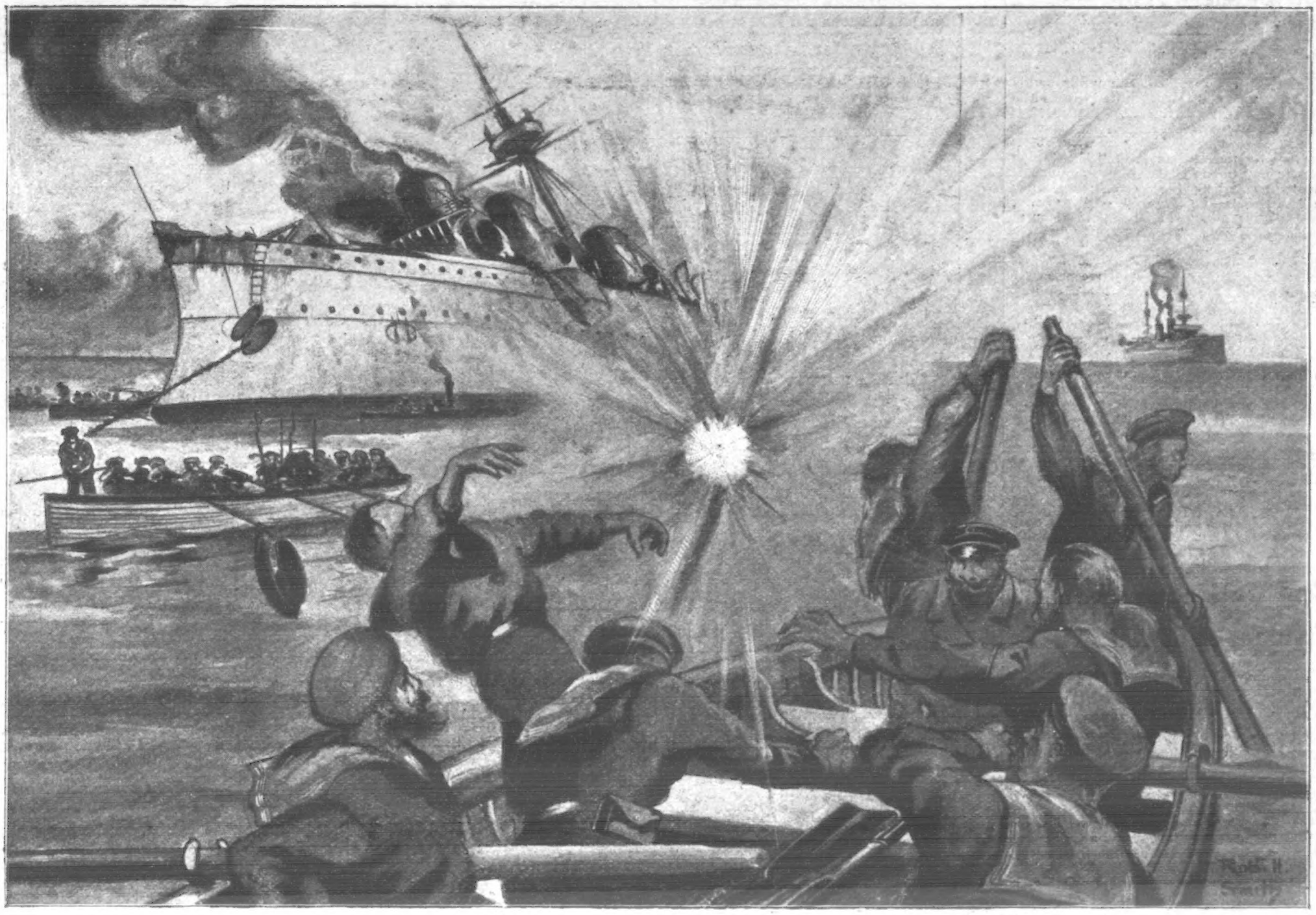
She never knew exactly when he died, but at the dawning he opened his eyes and fixed them upon the sea, and when the first straggling sunray touched the window and stole up across the floor to his face she saw that he was dead.

(*To be concluded.*)

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

Provincials Rush "La Scala."—Provincial visitors to London and the Italian Exhibition, Earl's Court, show an extraordinarily keen appreciation of the continuous eight-hour variety performance in the Summer Theatre of "La Scala." Since its introduction—for the first time in Europe—the new system has caught on splendidly, and the coming week's programme will be further strengthened by the inclusion of Miss Marie Stewart, a serio-comic and dainty dancer, who has already unbroken engagements in London for the next eighteen months. A whistler from the Casino de Paris in the person of Signor Momberini; Mdlle. D'Aubyn, a descriptive and burlesque artiste new to London, from Paris; George Wieland, a humorous singer and "patterist" in character; and the noted Continental slack-wire comedians Floria and Zinelli, are but a few of the new and excellent turns provided for sixpence. The popular Mr. Corlis Clatlin has now taken up the local management of "La Scala."

As a proof of the increased interest taken by Parisian playgoers in the English drama, it may be mentioned that recently a performance of a French version of "Hamlet" attracted the largest audience of the season at the Comédie Française. The receipts were over £135, although the weather was extremely warm.



THE LOSS OF THE RUSSIAN CRUISER "NOVIK."—THE VESSEL BEACHED AND BURNING: THE CREW LANDING UNDER FIRE FROM THE JAPANESE CRUISER "CHITOSE."]

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"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

SEPTEMBER will see the dramatic season in full swing. On the first of the month the Imperial reopened with "Elizabeth's Prisoner," and, in order to increase the interest of that play, Mr. Waller has prefaced the piece with an introduction which will make the motive clearer. Sept. 3 is announced for the production of "The Garden of Lies"; and two days later Miss Lena Ashwell starts "Marguerite," the English version of "La Montansier"; on the 8th of the month, "Merely Mary Ann" will be the attraction at the Duke of York's. Then comes a lull for a few days until Sept. 17, which will usher in "The Prayer of the Sword" at the Adelphi. Then we may expect a splendid reception for "The Tempest." The last important first night in the month is the 26th, when "His Highness my Husband," the English version of "Le Prince Consort," will be produced.

The novelists are coming forward as dramatists. The droll author of comic nautical tales, Mr. Jacobs, starts as part author of "Beauty and the Barge." Mr. Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann" is a further contribution to the stage; and as the authors of past successes I may name Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Barrie, whose amusing farce "Walker, London," written for Mr. Toole, appears to be forgotten. Others who have gained successes at the footlights are John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie), Jerome K. Jerome, Sir Gilbert Parker, Sir Conan Doyle, Mr. Anstey, Mrs. Clifford, Max Pemberton, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, Mr. Hall Caine. I could also name some whose attempts have been less fortunate than the above.

The morning papers must be hard up for "copy" just now. Port Arthur has been so long falling that editors have sought for materials in other channels. One paper, I notice, has made the most of the fact that Miss Marie Tempest is learning to swim at Dieppe, and the French visitors, always interested in the doings of a popular actress, have stood in thousands on the shore to watch the lady. Miss Tempest, I understand, is making rapid progress, and if she learns to swim as well as she acts I must congratulate her.

I heartily wish "many happy returns" of his birthday to Mr. G. R. Sims. The date is Friday, Sept. 2, and I am glad to hear that his health and spirits are what his friends and admirers desire. His popularity stands higher than ever.

A sketch called "The Belle of the Orient" having been produced at the Empire Music Hall, Islington, was transferred to the Oxford, and on Saturday proceedings were taken at Marlborough Street on behalf of the theatrical managers. The magistrate said he thought the halls and managers had "shaken hands." I thought so too, but the contrary appears to be the result.

The operatic company provided by Mr. Charles Manners for a South African tour of twenty weeks sailed last Saturday. Before joining the company Mr. Manners and his charming wife will take a brief holiday at Marienbad.

I mentioned recently that a theatre for the performance of plays in Yiddish was to be erected in the East End. The prospectus is now issued in English and Hebrew. It is to be called the "Orient Theatre," and it will accommodate over two thousand visitors. The site will be in the Commercial Road, E. A very prominent position has been chosen, Mr. Pertie Crewe being the architect, whose plans have already been passed by the London County Council. I fancy the Orient Theatre will prove a great success. Some of the most striking incidents of the Old Testament will furnish scenes for the dramas performed

Photo. Pettingell.

Miss Rose Cooper (Third Prize). Miss Louise Hover (Second Prize). Miss Rose Joseph (First Prize).

BEAUTY SHOW AT THE CAMBRIDGE MUSIC-HALL: THE PRINCIPAL PRIZE-WINNERS.

Photo. Callcott.

A CURIOSITY AT STREATLEY.

THE OBJECTS ON THE LAWN IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE ARE NOT BIRDS, BUT SHRUBS FASHIONED TO LOOK LIKE THEM, WHILE A "SHRUB-DOG" IS SHOWN ON THE BANK LOOKING AT THEM.

£10 FOR A LAUGH!

AS A NOVELTY IN ADVERTISING, AN ENTERPRISING FIRM IN PICCADILLY HAD "PHROSO," THE MAN-DOLL, SITTING IN THEIR WINDOW. THE SUM OF £10 WAS OFFERED TO ANYONE MAKING HIM LAUGH. OWING TO THE VAST CROWD WHICH GATHERED AROUND, THE POLICE HAD TO STOP THE EXHIBITION.

Sept. 14 is the date announced for the production of "The Tempest." Mr. Tree, who will play Caliban, will not, as I have seen stated, make a comic study of the part, but will play it seriously, being convinced that Caliban as presented by Shakespeare is sufficiently grotesque. The following is the cast:

Caliban	Mr. Tree.
Prospero	Mr. William Haviland.
Ferdinand	Mr. Basil Gill.
Alonzo	Mr. S. A. Cookson.
Sebastian	Mr. Julian L'Estrange.
Antonio	Mr. Lyn Harding.
Gonzalo	Mr. J. Fisher White.
Francisco	Mr. Francis Chamier.
Adrian	Mr. Cecil Rose.
Trinculo	Mr. Lionel Brough.
Stephano	Mr. Louis Calvert.
Master of the Ship	Mr. Southgate.
Boatswain	Mr. W. A. Haines.
Miranda	Miss Norah Kerin.
Ariel, Ceres, Juno	Miss Viola Tree.
	Miss Crawford.

The bulk of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan's music to "The Tempest" will be introduced. It was originally produced at the Crystal Palace in 1861, and I hope to hear it again, for it is charming. Some additional music by Mr. Raymond Roze will be given.

Mr. Pinero has gone to Scotland to finish his new play, which in due course will be produced at Wyndham's Theatre. It was rumoured that Mr. Weedon Grossmith would play the principal part, but this is contradicted by Mr. Pinero, who states that Mr. Dion Boucicault will undertake the principal male character when he returns from New York, where he is superintending the rehearsals of "Letty," at the Hudson Theatre.

"The Garden of Lies," which Mr. George Alexander will shortly present at the St. James's, has for its theme the redemption of a man through his love for a noble woman. Mr. Sydney Grundy has fully and skilfully developed this plot. The greater portion of the action takes place in the beautiful old garden in Paris where the Princess Eleanor and Dennis Mallory passed so many delightful hours. As the charming Miss Lilian Braithwaite plays the Princess, and Mr. George Alexander, Dennis Mallory, I anticipate a great treat; and the scenery, including the picturesque garden and the vestibule of an old convent, a studio, and a café scene, are admirable examples of scenic art.

Miss Ada Reeve, in appearing at the Criterion in "Winnie Brooke, Widow," forsakes musical comedy for comedy pure and simple. True, there will be some music introduced, but only what forms an integral part of the story.

The prologue to "Elizabeth's Prisoner," which served to introduce that play when the Imperial reopened, commences with a scene at a coffee house in Boston, America, in 1775, and it introduces several characters, mostly soldiers of His Majesty's 63rd Foot or of the King's American Volunteers. The prologue prepares us for the change which in the play makes Ensign Peyton, of the 63rd Foot, Captain Peyton, of Lee's Horse, and a rebel. Three years are supposed to elapse before the commencement of the play, with the entrance of Miss Elizabeth and the other female characters.

On Sept. 12 "The Earl and the Girl," by Messrs. Hicks and Caryll, will be transferred from the Adelphi to the Lyric, with new dresses, new songs, etc., including the popular "Sammy

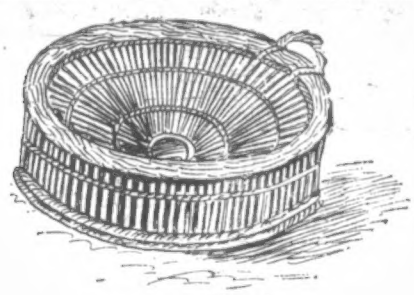
THE PROMPTER.

SKETCHES OF "THE CHEVALEER," AT THE GARRICK.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

The Sparrow Pest.

THE trap illustrated is a simple and effectual contrivance, a boon to keepers as well as to farmers and gardeners—in fact, to anyone anxious to protect produce of the land. As regards gamekeepers, it is hardly necessary to point out to them the undesirability of the rearing fields being infested



A SIMPLE SPARROW TRAP.

with swarms of sparrows, the evils which follow in their train being manifold, without taking into account the valuable food consumed. How much more strongly these remarks apply to farmers and gardeners, on whose crops serious damage is inflicted every season! As a means of destroying sparrows wholesale, the trap illustrated is to be highly recommended. The best results will be obtained by placing the trap in some tree or bush to which the sparrows fly from the feeding grounds when alarmed, and once in position it should be disturbed no more than is necessary to remove the birds as the trap becomes crowded. Food, a little more appetising than that to be obtained in the usual way, should be sprinkled around the entrance, both inside and out, care being taken that the twigs reaching from the opening towards the bottom of the trap are properly extended outwards, allowing ample room for a sparrow to pass between.

Scrofula in Fowls.

In the treatment of scrofula nothing will do more good than very small doses of iodide of potassium; about half a grain in a little water twice daily. This can most accurately be given if twenty-four grains of it be put into a 6 oz. bottle, and the bottle be filled with water, then a small teaspoonful of that will contain half a grain. At the same time Epsom salts should be given every two or three days, it being most necessary that the liver should be kept clear by a saline aperient. Scrofulous eruptions need local treatment with lotion and ointment. The best method of external treatment is to bathe the places now and again with warm water containing a few drops of some good antiseptic lotion, afterwards anointing with a little simple ointment. It is best to keep such fowls alone, to cleanse and disinfect the house, run, and eating and drinking utensils, and to pay special attention to the sick fowls' diet. Nothing of an entirely starchy nature should be given, ample green food should be provided, and the birds should have good range for exercise. Cayenne pepper and other irritants and stimulants are worse than useless; but a small quantity of Parish's chemical food will act as a tonic and nutritive. Unless the fowls are valuable a lot of trouble would be saved and anxiety reduced by destroying the whole of the infected birds. Only pedigree fowls are worth the trouble.

Hare-Hunting.

I hear of several new packs of farmers' beagles being started this winter, and there is little doubt that the sport

A TYPICAL BEAGLE.

of hare-hunting, the oldest of all forms of the chase, is among the best which country people can take to, providing hares are to be found. Some of the best farmers' packs I know of are in Sussex, and although the hounds are somewhat variable as regards type, many would take high honours could their masters be induced to show them either at Peterborough or at the annual exhibition of the Beagle Club—the latter a movable fixture, by the way. It is many years since I followed beagles on foot; but up to quite recently I was able to have a little sport of similar kind with a small "cry" of dachshunds, and, to my mind, the quaint German variety is quite as suitable for slow hunting as is the beagle. Dachshunds are wild, self-willed, and slow, but they are patient and determined in hunting, and can be depended upon to keep true to the original line. Had I the time, and lived in a hare country, I would guarantee my friends and neighbours—especially the elder ones—plenty of rough hunting with dachshunds or beagles. The formation of a pack would be a comparatively easy matter, for every subscriber could keep a couple or so, and in that way the cost of a kennel establishment would be avoided. As the scheme is impracticable so far as I am concerned, I will be pleased to help anybody in starting a pack.

All Rural Readers

should make it a point to order *The Penny Illustrated Paper* to be sent them by their newsagents regularly every Friday morning. Don't leave it to chance. Order it in advance to prevent disappointment.

N.B.—The "*P.I.P.* Farmer" will be pleased to reply to rural questions sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 198, Strand, W.C.

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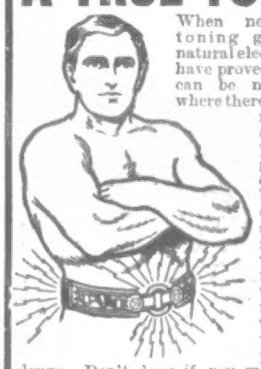

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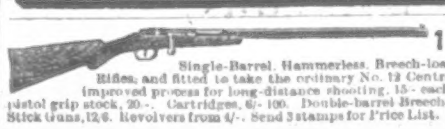

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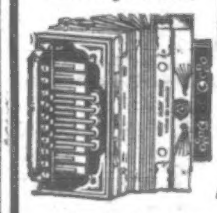

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